

HIT PARADER



INTRO
JULIE DRISCOLL
BRIAN AUGER
& THE TRINITY

ALL THE WORDS

* TO HIT SONGS *

BORN TO BE WILD
□
PEOPLE GOT TO BE FREE
□
DON'T GIVE UP
□
SLIP AWAY ■ HAPPY
□
I CAN'T STOP DANCING
□
YESTERDAY'S DREAMS
□
YOU'RE ALL I NEED
TO GET BY
□
CAN'T YOU FIND
ANOTHER WAY OF
DOING IT
□
LIGHT MY FIRE
□
PLEASE RETURN YOUR
LOVE TO ME
□
GIVE A DAMN
□
DO IT AGAIN
□
DREAM A LITTLE
DREAM OF ME
□
YOU MET YOUR MATCH
□
STAY IN MY CORNER
□
1, 2, 3, RED LIGHT
□
KEEP THE ONE YOU GOT
□
I GET THE SWEETEST
FEELING
□
HELLO, I LOVE YOU
□
SOMEBODY
CARES



INTERVIEWS WITH: ARETHA FRANKLIN
DONOVAN ★ PAUL BUTTERFIELD ★ YARDBIRDS



WHY
THE BEATLES
DIG NILSSON



IT'S TIM
HARDIN'S
TURN

Meet The New BYRDS
The story of COUNTRY-ROCK

WHO
PEOPLE
BOXTOPS
MERILEE RUSH

PICTURES I HEAR

GRANNY'S GOSSIP

SHOPPING BAG

PLATTER CHATTER

THE SCENE



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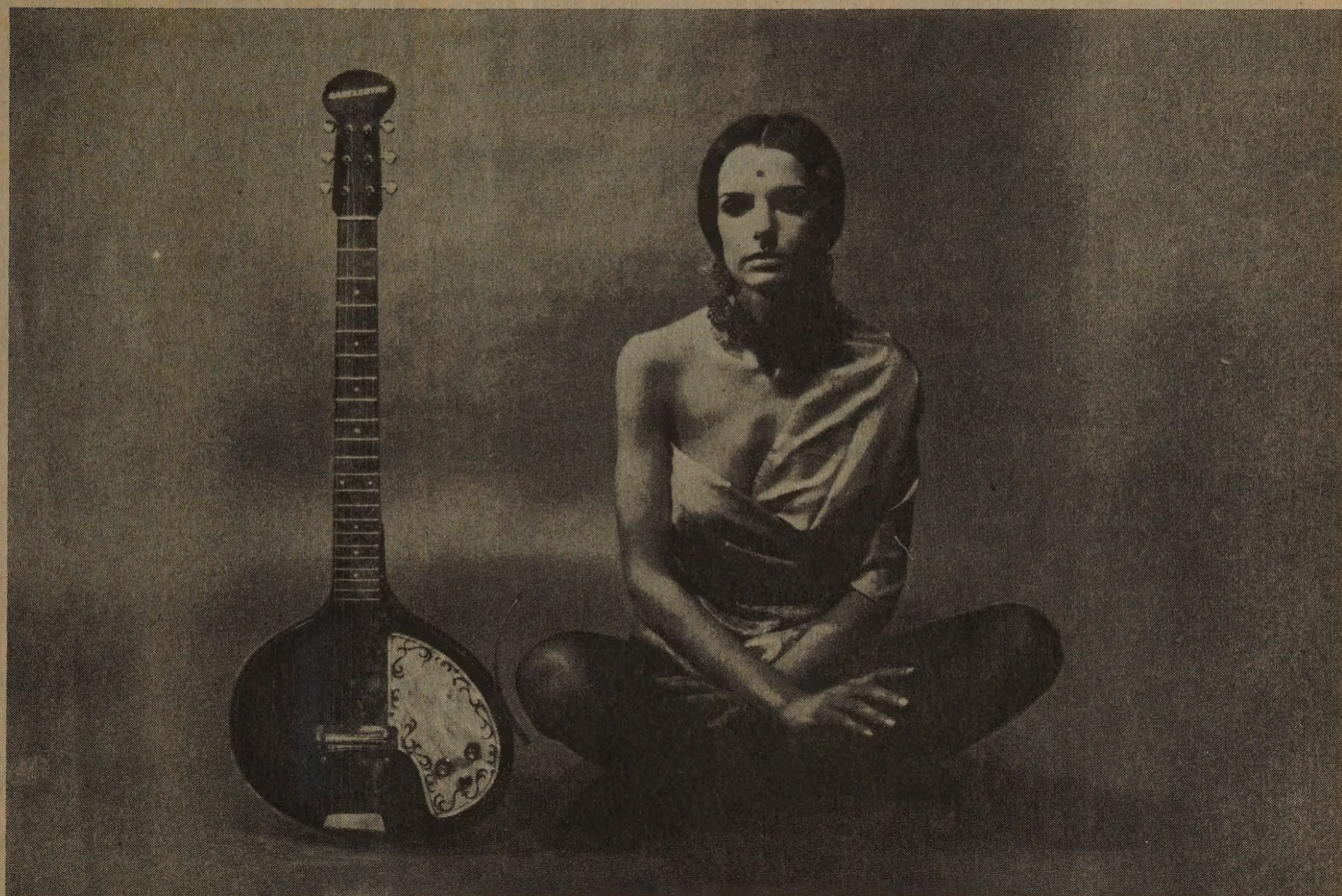
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hit Parade...

DEC., 1968

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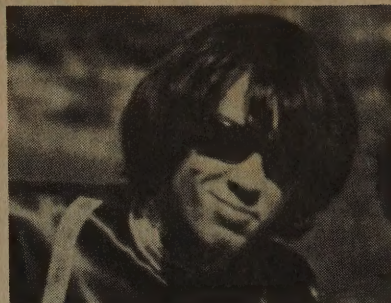
- 6/**THE SCENE** *There's Still Hope*
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• BORN TO BE WILD



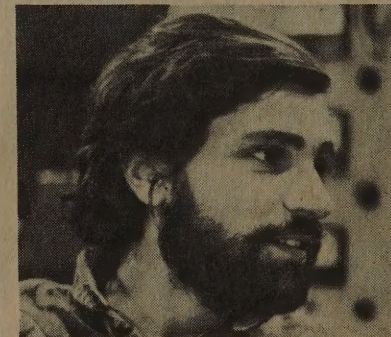
By Steppenwolf

• YESTERDAY'S DREAMS



By The Four Tops

• PEOPLE GOT TO BE FREE



By The Young Rascals

**OVER 35
TOP TUNES
.....
COMPLETE
SONG INDEX
ON PAGE 28**

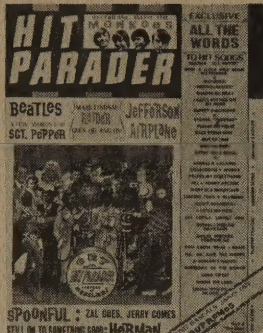
HIT PARADER *Back Issues Available now*



APRIL, 1967

Young Rascals,
The Cyrkle, Kinks,
Youngbloods,
Wilson Pickett,
Raiders

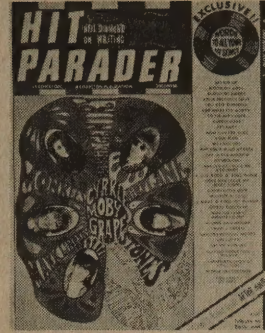
"Ruby Tuesday"
"Kind Of A Drag"
"Green, Green Grass"
"For What It's Worth"
"Snoopy"
"Tell It To The Rain"



MAY, 1967

Beatles Want Out,
Monkees, Donovan,
Royal Guardsmen,
Beach Boys, Who,
Spencer Davis

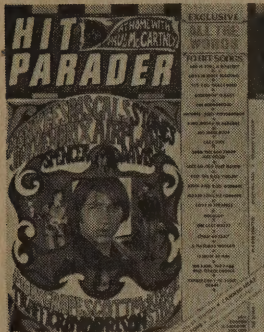
7 Monkee songs
"Penny Lane"
"Epistle To Dippy"
"Darlin' Be Home Soon"
"Kind Of A Hush"
"Love Is Here"



JUNE, 1967

Hollies, Mothers,
Animals, Rascals,
Jefferson Airplane,
Neil Diamond,
Tom Jones, Beatles

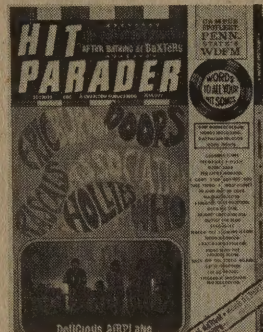
"Bernadette"
"Something Stupid"
"A Little Bit Me"
"59th Street Bridge"
"I Think We're Alone"
"Jimmy Mack"



JULY, 1967

Jeff Beck, Hollies,
Temptations, Cream,
Easy Beats, Monkees,
Spoonful, Joe Tex,
Love, Zappa

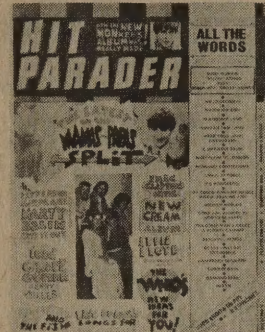
Stones "Buttons" songs
"The Happening"
"Groovin'"
"Somebody To Love"
"Friday On My Mind"
"My Back Pages"



AUGUST, 1967

Jagger On "Buttons"
Turtles, Who,
Donovan, Monkees,
Paul Simon,
Paul Revere

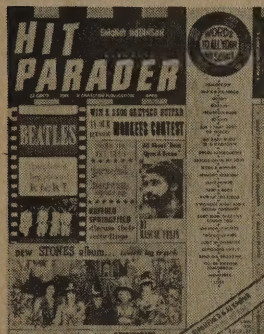
"Six O'Clock"
"Him Or Me"
"Creeque Alley"
"I Got Rhythm"
"Mirage"
"Ain't No Mountain"



SEPTEMBER, 1967

Bee Gees, The Doors,
Moby Grape, Who,
Stax Story, Cream,
Peter Tork,
Yardbirds

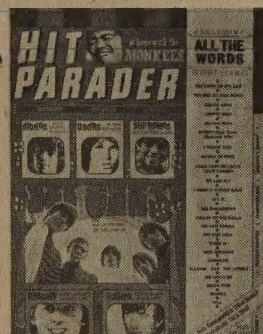
3 "Headquarters" songs
5 "Moby Grape" songs
"C'mon Marianne"
"Tracks Of My Tears"
"Light My Fire"
"Windy"



APRIL, 1968

Smokey Robinson Interview
Beatles' Movie
Buffalo Springfield
Bee Gees
Stones' Album
Rascals' Album
Tim Buckley

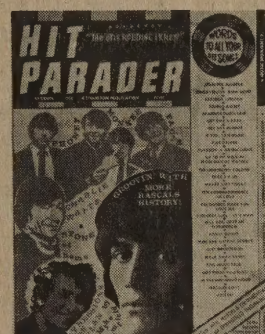
"She's A Rainbow"
"Money" • "Tomorrow"
"Green Tambourine"
"We're A Winner"
"Judy In Disguise"
"Bend Me, Shape Me"
"Sunday Morning"



MAY, 1968

The Supremes
Bee Gees
Lonnie Mack
Pete Townshend
The Doors
Satanic Stones
Monkees At Home

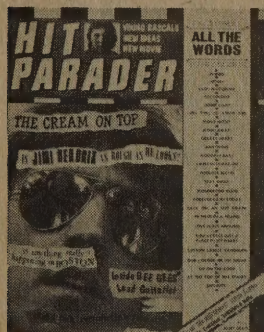
"Dock Of The Bay"
"End Of Our Road"
"I Thank You"
"Valley Of The Dolls"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"



JUNE, 1968

Bob Dylan
Otis Redding
Young Rascals
Martha & The Vandellas
The Mothers
Rufus Thomas
Rolling Stones

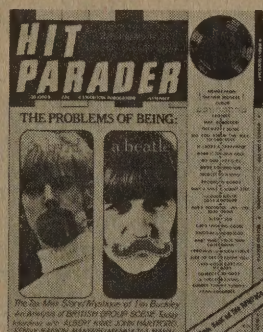
"Valeri" • "Tapioca Tundra"
"Jennifer Juniper"
"Walk Away Renee"
"Unknown Soldier"
"Scarborough Fair"
"If You Can Wait"
"Since You've Been Gone"



JULY, 1968

The Cream On Top
Jimi Hendrix
Moby Grape
Bee Gee's lead guitar
The Rock Revolution

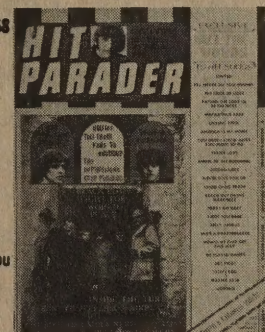
"Honey"
"Lady Madonna"
"Sweet Inspiration"
"Jumbo"
"Jennifer Eccles"
"Forever Came Today"
"Summertime Blues"



SEPTEMBER, 1968

Gassy Steppenwolf
Byrds Interview
Ringo Interview
Rolling Stones
Bob Dylan's new album

Monkee Album songs
"Mrs. Robinson"
"If I Were A Carpenter"
"Like To Get To Know You"
"Wear It On Our Face"
"The Happy Song"
"Friends"

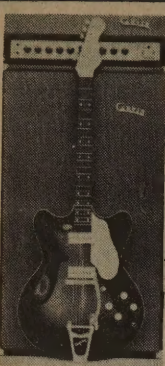


OCTOBER, 1968

Beatles and George Martin
Big Cream Interview
Donovan • Hollies
Beach Boys • Impressions
Turtles • Laura Nyro

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"Yester Love"
"Choo Choo Train"
"Master Jack"
"I Love You"
"Angel Of The Morning"

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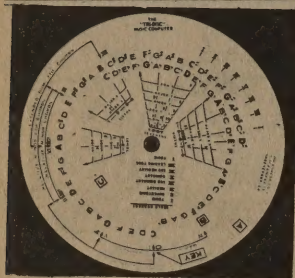
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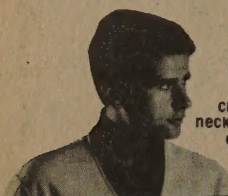
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the scene



THE SCENE/ There's still hope

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Now apply that to a much broader, deeper realm of experience: how we see and sense humanity and nature.

All sophisticated societies on this earth are run by regimental programming.

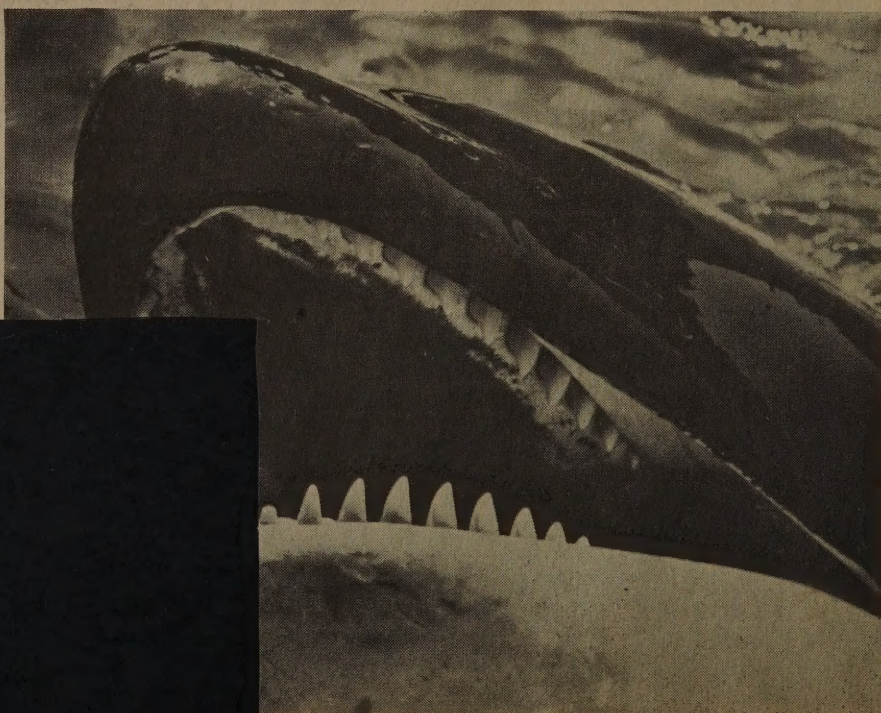
Much of it is good because it simplifies common tasks in an orderly fashion, making vital information and products easily accessible. But there is a definite negative factor.

In a very dramatic way, the mass media influences our vision and attitudes toward humanity and nature more than our own minds - if we let it. The most influential forms are television, newspapers and magazines, movies and books. For most of us they probably follow in that order of importance. Through constant bombardment of pictures and words our emotions are battered by boredom, horror, fear, compassion, tears, laughter in the course of any one evening. We witness injustices, riots, broken soldiers, murder, dumb situation comedy, and assassination all interspersed with unreal puppets selling deodorant and cigarettes.

Panic. The world is going mad. What's happening to our youth? Let's nail the window down and buy a machine gun. We actually become paranoid and slip away from reality.

Here we are being programmed with violence, the product of a very small lunatic fringe when you consider the entire world population and land mass. Are we going to let this type of programming distort our vision of all humanity? Of course there's injustice and violence, but there is also much more on the other side.

If we can be programmed to believe the world is coming to an end, imagine what would happen if we were constantly exposed to beautiful, positive things. We might actually believe that it's great to be alive. □jim delehant

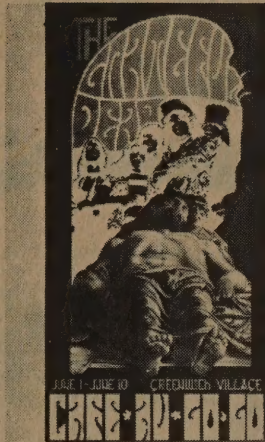


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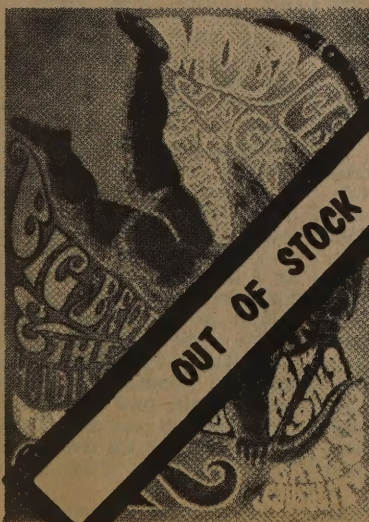
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| <input type="checkbox"/> dave van ronk (L-30), \$1.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> miriam makeba (L-36), \$1.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> gordon lightfoot (L-33), \$1.00 | |

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Dear Editor:

I would like to comment on the recent racial troubles which were caused or perhaps were only given an excuse by, the murder of Dr. King in Memphis.

I've only lived in Chicago for four months, but I love the city already. I've been getting a little bit involved with the jazz and blues scene here by hanging out at the Jazz Record Mart downtown. The owner has his own record company, Delmark, so I've met a few musicians there.

While Chicago is getting hotter and hotter, with racists of every color only fanning the fires...musicians and music lovers of every color meet and talk and groove to the universal language, in a small rather grubby store at State and Grand, piled with jazz and blues records and full of love. Real love, that consists of treating each person according to what that person has to say and think.

After seeing the stores in Old-town all boarded up, and soldiers cruising the streets, it's a great relief to be among people who realize the stupidity of what's happening and refuse to let it interfere with their communication.

I probably should have written this to Down Beat - that's about the only other intelligent music magazine in existence, but the readers of HP are younger, and we are the important people in relation to the future of our country. The message is that complete equality is possible and very beautiful, as long as people see ideas and not meaningless things like skin.

A faithful reader,
Kathleen McLaughlin
644 W. Surf St. Apt. 309
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

After reading the sporadically meritorious article by Juan Rodriguez concerning the rock revolution being a drag, I felt constrained to write. Although I found truth in what Mr. Rodriguez said, I also found discrepancies in his thinking - mainly that he fails to recognize that his ideas are not necessarily strict truths but rather his opinions. He claims that groups such as the Doors,

Cream, Jefferson Airplane are pretentious and fall short of the musical heights that many say they have attained. He then turns around and praises what he calls truly creative groups such as the Stones and Mothers of Invention. I feel that the three aforementioned groups are as creative as are the latter two. (Not that these two aren't).

I'll have to agree that many of the lyrics in rock songs are banal. I think that Jimi Hendrix is in this category, although there are worse offenders. Even the Cream and the Doors come up with poor lyrics at times; but these are overshadowed by their usual creativity. In my own opinion, I feel that the Stones' songs often contain lyrics that are quite poor. (I also think that "Their Satanic Majesties Request" was a failure.)

I was pleased to see him defend the Monkees. I feel that too many people fail to recognize the improvement the Monkees have made since their beginning. Even more fail to realize that the Monkees had no chance to be a tight group in the beginning because of the fact that they were manufactured, not formed.

Mr. Rodriguez also seems to have decided that organists should not play lead. I can only guess what he had in mind when he said this; but I hope he didn't mean to imply that an organist should never play lead. True, he probably should not constantly play lead, but I enjoy an occasional organ solo in certain songs. Personally, I don't believe there should be any specific standard stating that any particular instrument should or should not be used to play lead. He also complained about the fact that these organ solos are often long and boring. His numerous references to the Doors presignified that he was at this time referring to Ray Manzarek, the accomplished organist of the Doors. If this guess is correct, I would have to say that I feel it is unfair to insult Ray's highly varied organ work. There is no comparison between his excellent work on "Light My Fire" or "When The Music's Over" and something like "96 Tears"

or a million other cheap ditties.

Finally, I would like to express my belief that creativity is a gift that only a fortunate few are born with. It can be nurtured, but not manufactured. I believe that Mr. Rodriguez should pay more attention to this belief in view of his criticism that creativity is so strongly lacking in rock music. Rock music has greatly progressed since its emergence about 13 years ago. Its progress has largely been due to those fortunate few born with that gift of creativity. And it is those fortunate few that make the rock revolution a gratifying and worthwhile experience.

Scott McCarthy
1721 Valley Park Dr.
Oxnard, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Rock now encompasses so many different types of music, and so many different styles of playing it, that to call someone "the best guitarist" or "the best organist" is no longer a valid statement. Thus, in answer to Sol Grubergin's letter in Hit Parader #50, I would say that Jimi Hendrix and Eric Clapton are both excellent guitarists, tops in the context of their own particular grooves. Furthermore, in defense of the Cream, I think Mr. Grubergin's opinions might be considerably altered were he ever to attend one of their concerts.

The KMPX-KPPC article was of great interest to me, stranded as I am in the metropolitan area in an ocean of pimple cream and Cowsill records. The only really worthwhile rock station around is WNEW-FM, with an extensive playlist and calm, intelligent DJs. Other FM rock stations are WABC (just transformed to rock this spring, with a limited playlist) and WOR (the pioneer in N.Y., now subsisting entirely on Top 40 and numerous oldies.) What is lacking primarily on WNEW is musical organization and selectivity; I would like to see "block-programming" introduced (particularly on the evening broadcasts), whereby certain time segments would be devoted to San Francisco, Motown, Current English Scene, etc.

About 99% of the people who

run AM radio hate rock and roll and rock and roll musicians. These people are truly "only in it for the money," and intelligent rock fans will not tolerate their slick, blaring assaults upon our ears much longer.

S. Andrew Schwartz
15 Villa Lane
Larchmont, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

I read your mag every chance I get and consider each issue to be informative and usually accurate. However, a recent issue carried an article on Jimi Hendrix which didn't seem to regard him too highly.

This does not make sense to me, even though Eric Clapton is regarded as the King in your opinion. I think Clapton is great, but only when he plays straight blues (like with John Mayall whose albums are a real gas). Hendrix plays what a friend of mine calls "synthetic blues," which is blues in a popular form that is more readily acceptable to people who don't understand the real feeling of straight blues. I would be willing to bet that both Clapton and Hendrix prefer to play straight blues rather than the stuff they are doing at the present time because there is just no money in the creative work that guys like Mayall, Butterfield, and others are putting out.

But getting back to Hendrix, how could you prefer the Cream's second album over "Axis: Bold As Love"? Jimi's music seems to flow so naturally and nonchalantly. His lyrics are definitely better than what the Cream has to offer. Little has been said about Mitch Mitchell (Hendrix's underrated drummer) who has to be one of the best in the business. With regard to Noel Redding, I can only say that he is adequate, as I am not qualified to judge his playing with accuracy.

How about giving Hendrix a little credit which is long overdue? Maybe I'm affected differently by Hendrix's music than most people, and if this is the case, then you may as well deposit this letter in the circular file. Then I guess I will have to re-

(continued on page 64)

RECORDING THE STONES



Of all the 'name' groups, the Rolling Stones have the reputation of being the most self-contained. Their private lives have, until their recent publicity, been kept very private, they're the hardest people to reach to talk with and few newcomers are admitted to their circle. They even have their own recording engineer, a very intelligent, witty and relaxed character named Glyn Johns whose masterly hand was in evidence on 'Let's Spend the Night Together,' 'We Love You' and 'Dandelion,' and the two albums, 'Their Satanic Majesties Request' and 'Between the Buttons.' Glyn, who started life as a staff engineer at IBC Studios in London, made history when he became the first freelance engineer in the country. He had gone into the industry with a view to eventually becoming a singer, but after quitting for a short performing career that fizzled out, he returned to recording. He discovered that his own particular talents were much in demand and although he refused to take back his IBC job, persuaded the bosses to

let him work on a freelance basis. Glyn had made history once before when he was amongst the first to spot the Stones' inherent earthiness and non-conformity. He had whipped them quickly into the studio for what were to be their first ever recordings although the products of the session were never issued. Two weeks later, King-maker Andrew Oldham had discovered the five unknowns, signed them up and had them recorded by Decca, yet according to Glyn, those five initial tracks have never been forgotten. "Apparently, so I'm told, they still love them, Brian especially. He's got acetates of all of them and only two months ago he phoned up and asked me for a new acetate of the stuff."

Although the Stones went through a phase of recording in London before using RCA's Los Angeles studio for a while, and making a detour to Chicago, they had remained close friends with Glyn who had gone to the same school as Stu, the original sixth Stone and now their ubiquitous road manager.

When 'Between the Buttons' was in progress, some of the basic tracks having been recorded Stateside, Glyn was their first choice on returning to a British studio.

"I suppose it did and does have a lot to do with convenience," he suggested. "I'd been doing most of Andrew's stuff and was using Olympic Sound, which to my mind, is really the best studio here, and the Stones wanted to use it, too. Our personalities have a lot to do with it, as well as the fact that I knew them. Obviously they thought I could get a good sound for them and it just worked very nicely."

Fortunately for Glyn, he finds the Stones very easy to get along with. "They're quite fascinating to work with, too, although it can be a bit of a strain at times. They take an awful long time to record and it's difficult to understand why unless you really think about it. We might spend as long as eight hours working out a number because when Keith comes into the studio, the others haven't even heard what they're going to do. In fact Keith doesn't know quite, and he'll just sit down with his guitar. Say they've just had a three month lay-off and they've been all over the world. They don't see each other until they congregate in the studio. During that time Keith has got all sorts of ideas going round in his head because he takes his guitar everywhere he goes, anyway. He'll just sort of sit down until one of the ideas comes to him and happens to fit with his frame of mind at the time. He'll work out a chord sequence from there and the others learn it and then they just try different combinations of instruments and rhythms until they've got a backing track and then they may well come back the next day and do it all over again."

The Stones give Glyn plenty of freedom where the interpretation of their ideas is concerned, and generally speaking they are contented with the results. Rarely do they explain exactly what they require, the engineer has to work out of their own vagueness. "Keith usually does the musical arrangement and suggests what other people should play," explained Glyn. "At other times each individual will work out what he wants to do and maybe Mick or Keith will change it."

"On 'Their Satanic' there's a track called '2000 Light Years From Home.' Now that, I believe, started out as something completely different in their minds and was changed when Brian said he wanted to play the mellotron strings on it. It was a nice track that anything could have been done to, but the whole conception of what Brian played changed the mood of the track from chalk to cheese and made it into what I regard as a fantastic track."



Unless Mick is in the studio playing a tambourine or other percussion, he will be in the control box with the engineer during a session. "We usually agree pretty well, I think," said Glyn. "Sometimes, though not very often, the whole thing is written, both chord sequences and lyrics, and Mick has written a couple of things entirely, I think. I'm not quite sure of this, but there are also occasions when he has got lyrics all ready for something Keith has written. It depends at what stage they are in the period of recording, but very often, like on the last album, lyrics were written to fit the tracks after the tracks were done, and rewritten sometimes." Speaking from the engineer's viewpoint, Glyn considers this method very productive and stimulating. "It's evolved now so that it's not peculiar to the Stones. Now a lot of people record like this, but even so, they do differ completely from anybody else I've ever worked with."

"Firstly, there's a very, very relaxed atmosphere inasmuch as there's no pressure on anybody at any time. If there's any pressure at all it comes from me, having been trained to believe that time is money! It's very weird but if the Stones want to sit and talk for two hours, they'll sit around and talk. If they want to play back tapes from the previous night, they'll do that for an hour and a half, and if Keith wants to sit outside in the studio for ages just plinking on a guitar, then he'll do it

and there's nothing anyone else can do about it. Everyone just sits around and waits for everybody to get ready." Glyn believes that the overall musical ability of the Stones is "unbelievable." He doubts whether anyone with the exception of other musicians appreciates Bill Wyman's bass playing, for example. "He's really quite extraordinary and probably one of the best bass players I've ever worked with. He's very, very quiet and very rarely has much to say on sessions, but he just sits there and does his job."

"In one way Bill is like Keith whom I respect immensely. Keith has got a really great head on him but a lot of people probably don't realize this because he just doesn't shout around. He is fantastically mature and obviously a very good musician with great ideas. He's what I call a loner. Nobody can really get terribly close to him to find out what's really inside him, though it comes out in bits and pieces now and then. He's the kind of guy who'll go down to his place in the country and stay there for two or three days with his dogs and be happy." Laughingly, Glyn recalled an amusing incident that united Messrs Wyman and Richard visually as well as musically. "You remember a track called 'Ruby Tuesday?' Well, from a visual point of view, one of the funniest things I have ever seen was Bill and Keith playing a single double-bass! Bill



couldn't manage it, he's very thin and he just couldn't hold the strings down and play as well, so he marked the notes on the neck of the bass in white pencil. He wasn't very sure, anyway, and he held the strings down with both hands while Keith plucked it. It was really beautiful!"

Glyn lays at Brian's feet the honours for musical versatility. "He can pick up any instrument and I don't care what it is, give him five minutes with it and he'll play it. On stage he plays six or seven instruments and on the last track we made which may not even be issued, he played harp. There was a harp in the studio and you know how difficult it is to play with all those pedals and things? Well, he took off his shoes and sat down to it and five minutes later he got what he wanted to do."

Nonconformity in every field is the way life is for the Stones. "They've done things that are really outrageous musically, or seem to be, and they just don't care. Conformity doesn't exist for them. If you say to them 'this is a filter cigarette, you've got to light it at the untipped end,' they'd turn it round and light the filter. By showing that you can smoke a cigarette that way, they have been, to use a revolting expression, trend-setters."

Glyn recalled another anecdote that could only have happened to the Stones. During the mixing of 'Let's Spend the Night Together,' Andrew Oldham was

attempting to record his finger-clicks to fill in an out-of-tempo six bars or so in the middle. Suddenly, two policemen's heads appeared around the door with the excuse that the front door was open and they were checking to see that all was well. "It was priceless and Andrew just said 'come here,' smiled Glyn. "Just to get them at it, he asked one of them to hold the earphones against his ear as he needed both hands free to click his fingers. The policeman said 'all right' and just stood there pushing this earphone for five minutes!"

"I had to put a stop to this because it was getting embarrassing, so I said, 'No, no, no, Andrew, what we really need is a sound like two bits of wood,' and the policemen looked at each other and pulled out their truncheons. "Will these do?' they asked, so Mick went down into the studio. If you listen carefully to 'Let's Spend,' you'll hear two policemen's truncheons being knocked together like claves!"

On another occasion, when they were completing their last album around four in the morning, Keith decided that he wanted a really unusual guitar sound. He placed his amp on the stairs outside the studio and said "We'll make it there so we get a sort of bath-room sound." Glyn tried to persuade him to turn down the sound for the sake of the sleeping neighbors, but, "Being Keith, he had his amplifier turned up very loud!

We're right in the middle of a take and Keith is actually sitting in the studio when suddenly the door opens again and a little old man of about 65 appears dressed in pajamas and dressing-gown. 'What's goin' on - all this bleedin' row?' he said. 'I'm trying to get some sleep, I got to go to work in two hours!' Oh, it was a shame, I felt so sorry for him, but Mick said 'keep the tape running' and shot out of the studio and said 'Oh, excuse me, sir, I'm in charge here; can I help you?' He was trying to get the guy to talk, very polite about it, and the guy had to go, said he couldn't sleep, so Mick said, 'do you want a sleeping pill?' The old man turned round and exploded: 'I don't take drugs!' he said, and walked out!"

Now that the Stones' whole career consists of recording, Glyn will continue to play a major part in their future. When they eventually build their own studio, he will run it for them, although at the moment there are no definite plans about the size of this project. "They could either open a small studio for their own use and for the artists on their own record label, Mother Earth, or else it could be a huge, going concern which will be open to anybody," he said. On thing is certain, the rumor that the Beatles were to be involved in the venture has no truth.

"I think that they have the occasional old desire to play concerts, but they don't want to do many," Glyn revealed. "They got very fedup with it the same as the Beatles did. I went on a tour of Europe with them last year and it was a little too hectic for them. They did too much in too short a time which really hurt them because they've got a bit lazy now, you see!"

"As far as recording is concerned, that's their main interest. Mick's got some really great ideas, but once again, it's a helluva strain to work for them. You've got to come up with something new every time because they're very demanding. In another sense it's nice because you can do anything you like, the kind of things to which other people would say 'You can't possibly do that.' You can lay anything on them and they'll either answer 'yes' or 'no,' but at least they'll listen. Most of the time it'll be 'no,' but at least you get the chance to do these new things."

Glyn Johns has a lively mind to go with his easy-going disposition, and the Rolling Stones keep it stimulated. He still pursues his own singing career on the side and recently had a number one hit in Spain with his own version of 'Lady Jane.' But mostly his lifetime runs parallel with the path of the Stones. He likes it that way and the feeling, it seems, is mutual. □valerie wilmer

Blues With A Feeling

I intended to interview both Jimmy Cotton and Paul Butterfield together, but Cotton was exhausted when I arrived, because he'd just come back from doing a Ban Deodorant Commercial. Although Butter did all of the talking, Cotton was present and nodded in approval throughout.

It's a pretty tasty interview considering Butter is not known to be the most articulate of musicians.

An Interview With **PAUL BUTTERFIELD**

HP: Where did you first meet James Cotton?

Butter: We met on a reservation (laughter). He was with Muddy Waters band then, that was about 1957.

HP: What do you mean, a reservation, was that the name of a club?

Butter: No, I was thinking of-- there was this Apache reservation out in Phoenix, Arizona where we played this club called JB's and cowboys and Indians, real cowboys and Indians used to come down and hear us. That has nothing to do with it, really, where we got together was in Chicago and we used to play a lot of the same gigs. I was working in a show band at the time.

HP: What do you mean, a show band?

Butter: Its where you all wear the same uniforms and play lounges and stuff.

HP: Its interesting that you met Cotton while he was with the Muddy Waters band. Almost every musician I've spoken to mentions Muddy as one of their most important influences. It seems that he inspired a great deal of blues oriented music that is today's pop.

Butter: I don't think so. I did listen to Muddy a lot, I really dug him. I don't think its his playing that influenced me so much as his feeling did--there's so much feeling in his music. When I couldn't play any music, when I really wasn't very good on the harmonica I used to go down and play and cats who didn't know me or what I played wouldn't let me sit in. Muddy always let me sit in. But nobodysings or plays like Muddy Waters. The closest I've ever heard was Robert Johnson who was one of the greatest blues singers and guitarists Chi-

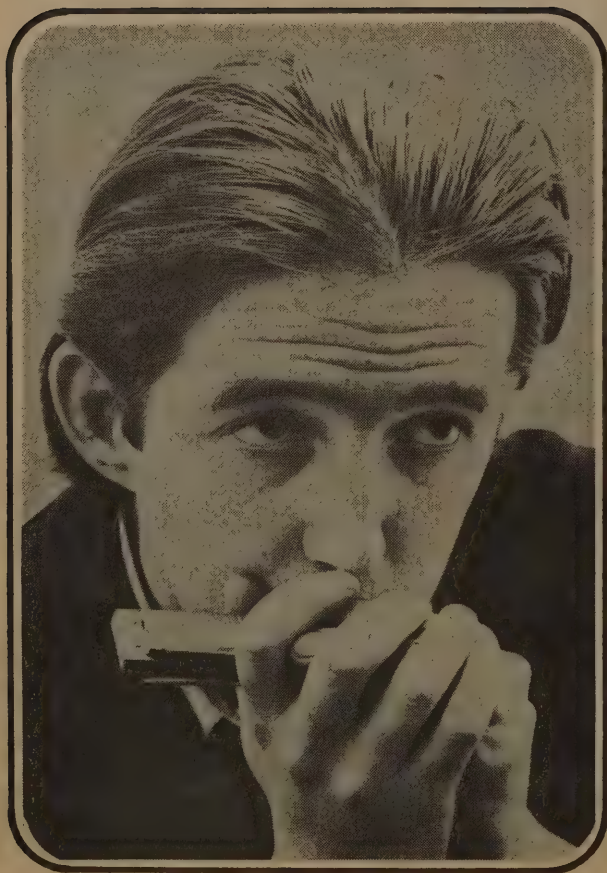
cago has ever seen. He died when he was just about 21.

The thing is, when I was going down to see Muddy in Chicago-- Cotton was playing with him then and a lot of really good musicians used to come and play with them all the time. There was a lot of interest, a lot of things happening. The blues was really a scene.

A lot of people who are aware of people like Muddy or Howling Wolf didn't know about him until this last year or two because things are just opening up now, its not just in Chicago any more. As a matter of fact the Chicago scene is really dead. But a lot of people like Albert King or B.B. King are a big influence on the pop scene, because Michael Bloomfield and Eric Clapton and Jimi Hendrix and cats like that have taken licks and things from their style and used it in their thing. But even though Muddy himself influenced me a great deal, sitting in with his band and all that, it has nothing to do with my harmonica style or anything. Little Walter and James Cotton and all those cats have their own thing going. The feeling is what's important, though, that's got to be there. I haven't really heard any young groups that play like Muddy Waters. I mean Muddy really had a great band, then, Cotton and Otis Spann were in it and a lot of heavy stuff went down.

HP: Elvin Bishop is really a distinctive guitarist. What do you think influenced his style the most.

Butter: Elvin is trying to do a number of things, trying to break through some of the barriers. There are a lot of guitarists in the mid-west doing a new thing, like a jazz thing. That's why Larry Coryell is breaking through -- because he's



using different things that are coming from different places and putting it into a jazz thing. Elvin is something else again, he's opening it up a lot. I've heard many guitar players who have more technique and more facility, but Elvin opens it up with feelings. He's only just developing a style.

I started out with Elvin. At that time he didn't play any guitar, he played harmonica. He started playing guitar in about 1960 and we used to hang out and play.

He's not with the group anymore, though. He quit. He's out in San Francisco to rest for a few weeks and see if he can get something together. I think he's going to start his own group.

HP: Who's your new lead guitar, now?

Butter: A guy named Buzzy Fieton. He's from New York. He's 19 years old and he's a monster on the guitar. Really together. There are so many really young cats around now who can really play blues.

HP: It's kind of curious that so many younger musicians are into Chicago blues which is essentially a form that emerged about 30 years ago and is, say, music of the last generation rather than music of this one. That is, what is loosely termed 'rock', even though there is a lot of blues in it, is music of a contemporary generation and what you play is essentially an older form.

Butter: Blues is not an old or an older form. It has no label, it's not Chicago or anything, it's feeling. You play the music you feel. There's different ways of approaching it, naturally, some people spend years studying it but some people have a natural feel for the blues. For example, our piano player, he was born and raised in San Francisco and he's just got a natural feel for the blues. I've run into a couple of guitar players here in the Village that have just studied for the last two years, practicing the harp and things. I don't practice the harp any more, to tell you the truth, I just play it.

HP: I can see why you object to categorizing the music, but certainly you'd have to hear it somewhere. You play Chicago blues because essentially it was your environment.

Butter: Sure, you have to hear it and when you hear something you dig you play it, but it really doesn't matter where you are. Like the Chicago scene right now is really dead. But we were lucky, when I was there working and playing, everyone was playing blues. As a

matter of fact at the time it was the only place anything was happening, except maybe at the Apollo Theatre in New York. They'd have, say, Lightning Hopkins or Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee in the Village but they'd never have any blues bands.

Take Albert King. He's not from Chicago, he's hardly ever in Chicago, but he plays some of the heaviest blues you can hear. Just as heavy as Muddy or Wolf or anyone that's been playing from Chicago.

HP: I would still say that there's a distinctive form to Chicago blues, its a recognizable sound. And there really has been no innovation as with rock groups who will pick up different kinds of instruments, like the sitar, which makes a drastic change in the character of the music. Blues bands stay pretty much with the same rhythms and instrumentation.

Butter: Well, right, its developing within its context, its not really innovating. But its going to develop into different things, naturally.

The thing about that kind of music for me is the feeling. I know cats in Chicago, especially young Negro cats right now, who don't want to play blues, they put down the blues. They want to do something different, a lot of them want to play jazz or top 40 or r&b stuff. They put down guys like Muddy and Wolf because they want to get away from that scene, the ghetto scene, I guess. See, they think its an old form too. I disagree.

HP: I'm curious about something else, too. Over the past few months several blues bands have added horns.

Butter: I started out playing in a band with horns and when I got my own band I talked about getting horns for a long time. I always wanted to work with them. Right after I added the horns, about a year ago, I guess it was, we cut that Pigboy Crabshaw album.

HP: Do you like that album?

Butter: Not particularly, no.

HP: Which is your favorite so far?

Butter: This next one coming up.

HP: Its finished?

Butter: Yes. And things are changing for me, I'm really learning about how to arrange the horns. The thing just naturally develops. Like we're playing the blues, but I think its really going someplace. I'm not really a purist, I like a lot of the things that Blood Sweat and Tears did with their horns.

HP: Well they did all kinds of material on their album, a Nilsson





song, for example, an entire orchestra in some parts, an r&b chorus and a string ensemble, to mention just a few things that don't fall into the category of blues.

Butter: Well, again, I wouldn't say that they were really a blues oriented band. Kooper can play some blues but the rest of them are not blues musicians. Bobby Colomby was with a show band, that's why his playing is so tight and Steve Katz doesn't really play blues. But their horn section is really beautiful stuff. Not just on their album, I'm really talking about them live.

Some people put me down when I got horns, they'd say "man, why'd you do that," but there's so many things you can do with the horns. We're playing a few things now that aren't really blues—like some jazz oriented stuff and spirituals. I really dig working with the horns. I don't dig having them just stand there

and play along with us—that's why I don't like the Pigboy Crabshaw album too much. We went in and played the session without having the time to experiment with what we could really do with the horns. It was too new.

HP: Do you write charts for your albums or just do head sessions? Butter: We play the things we've been working with so we have them down pretty much, we don't write charts or make plans or anything.

But I don't feel I used the horns like I could have if I'd had them a little longer. Like we have a tenor sax, alto sax and trumpet. The alto player plays baritone, tenor and flute, the tenor player plays flute and soprano and the trumpet player plays piano so we can really change around and get a lot of new things together. Like we could use two sopranos and a trumpet and the

guitar player also plays a french horn.

HP: French horn!

Butter: Yes, we're really going to use the french horn. We're writing almost all of our own material now, we do a few old things like "Pity the Fool" off the last album. Things are changing with James Cotton, too—he was in Chicago for 12 years with Muddy and now with his own band he's out of that scene. Next year different things are going to go down, he's gonna have new tunes and everything. That was the thing about Chicago, it got so dead, nobody rehearsed, nobody played any more or tried anything new. People who really wanted to stay with the blues got out of Chicago and that's how it opened up.

I do like the Pigboy Crabshaw album for one reason only. We just got in there and played, no going through any of this junk of overdubbing again and again.

HP: It was recorded completely live?

Butter: Right. That's the way I think all music should be recorded. Groups should cut live and play the thing, not overdub and use all kinds of tricks.

HP: I'm surprised you feel that way. I can understand it with a blues band, which is basically a spontaneous kind of music, but with something like the Blood Sweat and Tears album there were a lot of things on there that would have been a great strain to do live.

Butter: Sure it could have been done live. Have you ever heard Ray Charles' big band recorded? All of it is live. I'm not downing Blood Sweat & Tears, I really dig the group and the horn section and everything. But this Ray Charles sound was better and they did stuff that was really more difficult to play together, more involved, and it was all live, no overdubbing at all. There's more feeling when you're playing with another musician than playing with a tape. Every time you overdub you lose some of that feeling. What I'm into is playing live music, playing with my friends. I'm not just into production and overdubbing and all that. I could do that all the time, and I did do it for a long time, overdubbing on the harp, but I didn't like it as much as just playing.

HP: I think production techniques are one reason that records are so much better and more together than they used to be.

Butter: Sure. But look what's happened. You get a lot of groups that go into a studio for weeks, lay down

a basic rhythm track, put in other instruments, put the voices in and add more stuff—but then they have a great record and they can't do the stuff live in performance.

HP: I guess that's right to a large extent. I remember how great the original Byrds records were, they had all this charisma from their albums but when you went to see them live it just lay there.

Butter: That wasn't their only trouble. Sure they did a lot of overdubbing and production tricks but they couldn't play live because they weren't competent musicians. I've heard bands that can play anything that they recorded and play it better live.

HP: How, then do you account for the fact that, just musically, the Byrds records were pretty together. Butter: Well, you spend enough time in the studio—the first thing was, and really now, they brought in another bass player and another drummer to play on their records. A lot of groups do that, for instance the Monkees didn't play their instruments at all on their records.

HP: That's not a fair comparison at all. The Monkees were never a real group, they were a package. You can't compare them with a group that's serious about making music, at least in their intentions, if not in their musicianship.

Butter: I played with the Byrds a couple of times and they just couldn't play live together. Partly because they just didn't dig each other and partly because they couldn't play. Jim McGuinn is a good guitarist, but the rest of them couldn't play. I just didn't think they were any good. I like to play live and that's what I like to hear.

HP: I have to agree with you up to a point. Like the Beach Boys since they have decided they were 'art' don't have very much feeling to them. The sound is tight and slick and gimmicky but it gets to a point where it is all showmanship and no soul.

Butter: There is one cat in the Beach Boys, Brian Wilson, who does all the arranging and has all the ideas. But I talked to one of the other Beach Boys the other night and all he had to say about anything was "will it sell, can it be marketed?" It all had to do with producing and selling and money.

The only thing I think about music is that it should be honest. Honesty in playing and feeling is the most important thing about it. That's what it is for me and that's why I dig it so much. □ ellen sander

THE BYRDS

Hassles

End With New Members



Since its formation on the West Coast in the summer of 1964, the Byrds have constantly disproved the old adage that "there's nothing new under the sun" by employing a widely diversified repertoire of folk-rock (a genre which the Byrds gave life to), raga-rock, jazz and other musical forms. From their very beginnings, the Byrds have employed a completely fresh approach to popular music. Their harmonies are subtle and sensitive, in part because of Roger McGuinn's powerful playing on the twelve-string guitar and the entire group's blending of rock and roll with the folk music of America and other lands, notably India.

Their six Columbia albums - "Mr. Tambourine Man," "Turn Turn Turn," "Fifth Dimension," "Younger Than Yesterday," "The Byrds' Greatest Hits" and "The Notorious Byrd Brothers" - have been tremendously successful, "Greatest Hits" having recently been awarded a Gold Record.

As Dylan prophetically noted, "They're cutting across barriers which most people who sing are not even hip to. They know it all. If they keep their minds open, they'll come up with something pretty fantastic."

Their next Columbia album, "Hickory Wind," will open up the whole area of Country Rock and prove once again The Byrds' healthy innovating powers.



ROGER MCGUINN

Roger McGuinn's father and mother wrote a book called *Parents Can't Win*, which is mostly true, and who would have it otherwise? It was a best seller, and it took McGuinn and his parents around America when Roger was a mere lad but already prepared to absorb and observe the American scene.

The McGuinns were originally from Chicago, and they now are settled there once more, which suits Roger because he likes the city, and when on tour, he drops in for a bottle of beer at 5:00 or perhaps 6:00 a.m. and his mother will get up instantly and wide awake and ask him how it is with him.

"I trust everything will work out all right," he replies blandly, but without being as pompous as you might think. For this is always what he says and believes all the time and everywhere to everyone.

Idle chatter he doesn't countenance— he prefers, rather, in moods of eloquence and emanation, to pursue a metaphor relentlessly from its source in a uranium mine to full ICBM level and relate it at enthusiastic length to some musical endeavor or other.

McGuinn leads The Byrds — that is to say, he is understood and accepted to be the man who knows the direction in which the group must go. And, very likely, he will be nearly right on most things.

He plays lead guitar— a powerful, soaring twelve-string —and adores the pounding strength of amplified music, although his background lies far away and long ago in the melodic nuances of an acoustic guitar played to quiet people in coffeehouses.

Roger, his son Patrick and his wife, Ianthe, live in the San Fernando Valley of California.

CHRIS HILLMAN

Chris Hillman claims to have been a cowboy until he took up Country music, and both careers represent elements surprising in a man who was born and brought up in California, which is not notably cow country. However, it is probably more important to say that he is an extremely good bass player and a very witty man.

He became an excellent mandolin player and now doesn't wish to discuss it at all because, like all young people, his yesterday is yesterday and his today is now, and now is the only thing worth talking about.

Hillman, age twenty-three, now fully committed to contemporary music and its expression on the bass guitar,

has developed an intense desire to progress and to learn the full power and potential of the instrument. This is quite clear on Byrd recordings, which differ from other rock-and-roll offerings in many respects — including the strength and melodic line of the bass sound.

On stage, Hillman is essential to the visual pattern of The Byrds, but he remains unaware of his physical importance, and photographers have found it difficult to locate him in their lenses. This is because he seeks a pillar or the edge of a drape and stands close enough to it to be concealed from some of the audience all of the time and from all of the audience some of the time.



Which is interesting because at heart Hillman — like the rest of The Byrds — is not a shy man. He has a calm self-assurance and a dry, benign wit, which, if he feels like sharing it, makes him an excellent companion.

Another quality in Hillman which is not apparent unless you know him well is that he has a capacity, very rare in young men, to establish a comfortable home. The place where he lives in the hills of Topanga Canyon, California, is no pad — it's a peaceful, charmingly furnished home, warmed by pine-log fires and pleasantly hung with tapestries, collages, and paintings.

For constant company, Hillman has selected two Siamese kittens whose demands, he says, are more easily met than those of the humans who dance attention upon The Byrds.

KEVIN KELLY

Kevin Kelly, twenty-four, admits to having had a secret and guilty liking for The Beatles for more than a year and a half.

The son of a prominent attorney, Kevin says: "I wasn't supposed to like that kind of music, so I didn't want anyone to know I did, and I wasn't quite sure that I did, really.

"It wasn't until I heard The Byrds that I knew I really liked rock and roll. Before that I really had a closed mind, closed ears and a closed heart."

Cousin to Byrd Chris Hillman, Kevin has been interested in music since he was a kid: "Ever since the age of twelve, I wanted to be a composer. I heard Beethoven's Fifth and thought, 'Hey! Wow! That's what I want to do!'"

Twelve years, much study, and much experience later, Kevin's ambition will be more than professionally realized with The Byrds. In addition to playing drums with the

group, Kevin will be doing some composing, an area of music in which he is well grounded, music having been his field of study at both Santa Monica and Los Angeles City Colleges.

But even before he reached the college level — in fact, even before the age of twelve, when he decided music was for him — he was on his way to the world of notes.

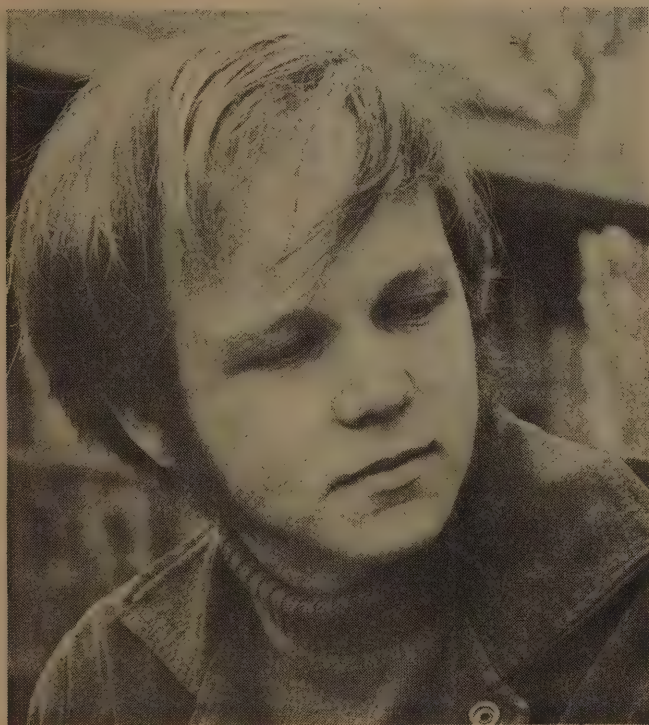
In grade school he played drums in the school orchestra. He was band director for the Beverly Hills High School band as well as a member of the school choir, and he even went further to distinguish himself by filling in for the music teacher and directing the school choir in a performance in the Hollywood Bowl.

While Kevin considers music to be “a means of expression for frustrations, loves and hates, and a very definite definition of the times,” there have been off-and-on times even for this ardent music lover, times when he wasn’t up to describing and occasions when he gave up playing altogether.

Following high school, he was, as he puts it, “bored with music.” In what he calls “a state of confusion,” he enlisted in the Marines for three years. Because he had had it with the music, he chose not to play in the Marine Band. He served most of his time in communications in San Diego and then went to Japan for a year before his discharge.

“Japan was the greatest thing I ever did in my life,” says Kevin. “I became interested in Far Eastern religions, and I really researched them, which in Japan isn’t easy because they won’t talk about religion unless they’re close to you.”

That was three years ago. Some four months ago, Kevin started using the religious insights he had gained in Japan. Every morning for a half hour after rising, he meditates,



sitting down by himself and allowing his mind to flow until it reaches a state of unconscious rest.

This young man in a state of peace is a far cry from the boy whom Kevin describes as having a “terrible temper. I chased the other kids with baseball bats if they wouldn’t play my way. I liked to play war games. I had the fastest gun on the block.”

This unusual young man, who loves outdoors, loves planes—

he knows how to fly — and digs Bach, Bartók, Hindemith and East Indian and electronic music. “I love dissonance. That’s what I love about Indian music.”

In fact, he loves all music: “The music I write is a combination of styles. I wrote a lot of classical music in college, and that was fortunate. It opened my ears again to another dimension, which is good. It seems the older generation isn’t putting down rock any more, and the younger generation is becoming more appreciative of other music.”

The versatility of this young man who taught himself the piano and the guitar extends beyond the area of music. He’s a published poet and right now is teaching himself how to sculpt in wood.



GRAM PARSONS

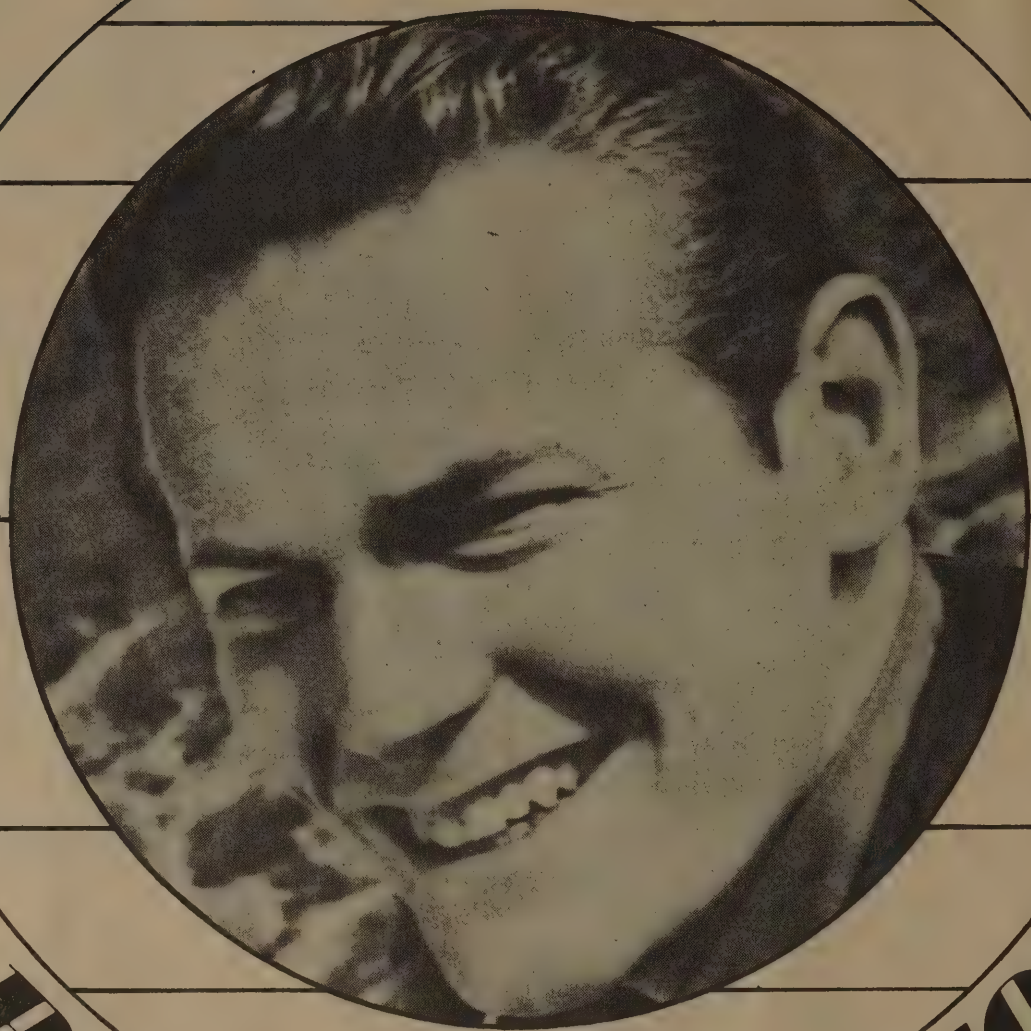
The newest Byrd is Gram Parsons, rhythm guitarist/pianist, and former leader of the International Submarine Band, a group thoroughly dedicated to country music.

Roger says, “Gram worked with us on our last tour and he was great. The audience loved him. He likes to work with us and we like to tour with him. I never had more fun than we did this last tour.” According to recent reviews, the Byrds have improved their live performances considerably since Gram joined their ranks.

Gram was born November 5, 1946 in Waycross, Georgia and educated in several southern prep schools followed by a short stint at Harvard. From there, he moved to New York before migrating to the West Coast for his professional music activities.

“I always loved all kinds of music,” says Gram, “but I think country western and rhythm and blues are really where it’s at. I’d have to say the biggest influence on my career was an old brown radio I used to have. I listened to it constantly and I heard everything, from the Grand Ole Opry to Rock and Roll. As a result my favorite singers now are Buck Owens, Ray Charles and the Everly Brothers. From the radio I acquired a taste for Bluegrass, Bach, Baroque music and, of course, the Beatles have affected me more than I can say.”

Gram loves the prospects of high finance in fact he’d probably like to be very rich someday but he tempers this desire with readings in metaphysics and religion. However, his personal ambition goes beyond merely being rich. “I want to be a successful writer,” says Gram “and gain a self confidence that would enable me to be relaxed in any situation I might confront.” □ fernon bentley



A Gathering Of Insights

It was a terrible time to have to do anything at all, the day after Senator Kennedy was assassinated. A numb apprehension hung in New York City, stirring up the air pollution and pervading the people. It was the only time available, I was told, to interview Gordon Lightfoot.

I found him as glum and as aggravated as I was and the conversation was a

mixture of what the day had been and what we all are as people. We began by chatting a little about his background.

"I've been making a living at music for 10 years. I'm 29 years old and since I was 19 I've worked for arrangers, been a copyist, played the piano, did studio work, was a choral singer for the Canadian Broadcasting Company

and I've played with bands."

Q-When did you start composing?

"About 1963. I first got interested in folk when I heard people like the Weavers. The important thing to me is the song. A song is a gathering of insights. I guess altogether I've started at least 500 songs and out of those there are about 130 that I think are finished songs. I've performed all 130

at one time or another but I stay pretty much with those that have had the most acceptance, about 70 of them. And out of those, I've recorded 36.

Q-Are these two albums (*The Way I Feel UAS 6587* and *Did She Mention My Name UAS 6649*) the only ones you've done?

"No, I did one a long time ago called *Lightfoot*. There were three songs on my first album that I didn't write. *Changes* was one of them, Phil Ochs wrote that. *The First Time*, by Ewan McCall and *Pride of Man* by Hamilton Camp are the others. Phil wrote *Changes* in Toronto and I was just waiting until he finished it so I could grab it. I could see it was going to be something I'd like to sing. I've known Phil for about 4 years and he's about one of the best friends I've ever had in the music business.

Q-A lot of entertainers resent being called folksingers, how do you feel about it?

"What else are you going to call me? I'm a musician. I started in the first coffee house in Toronto that had folk music in 1961. And I played folk music. Of course I've gone into a whole different kind of scene but that's where the roots are at. I don't care what they call me. I like to make music and be in tune and write good songs. I'm not a politician or a spokesman, just a musician.

Q-How did it happen that you have a string section on your last album?

"Music is music. If you want a 90 piece orchestra or two sidemen that's what you do. I chose the material and the arrangements. We had a talented producer and I left it in his hands. We agreed that there should be some more instrumentation and that strings would be a nice approach. I'd already done my thing, cut the songs with my sidemen -- my accompanists, rather -- that's a more dignified term. They were sidemen when we started but now they're so closely integrated with the music.

Q-How do you communicate the feeling of a mine worker, like in your song *Bossman*. Have you ever been a laborer?

"You don't have to be a laborer to understand that feeling. Take a look at Dylan. He wrote about every human hangup there was and he was the son of an appliance dealer.

Lightfoot stands on a stage like a tree that's had a losing fight with a prairie wind. He's an enormous man and he bends over his guitar as if something were heavy on his shoulders. His stance and his expression are stubborn and imposing and I'd hate to be around him when he really got angry; Lightfoot would be a man to hit first and ask questions later.

"People are animals, we're all animals of prey. Creatures of the field

commit acts of violence, and man is no different.

Q-But a creature kills for food and man seems to kill for other reasons.

"No, man kills for the same reason, so he can eat. It's a little more than that, greed enters into it, but it's really all to eat. Everything kills in order to survive. The only thing that sets man apart is his reason, but man has no control over his reason. He just forgets."

There had been a hum in the sound system that afternoon at rehearsal and Lightfoot walked out saying he wouldn't play that night unless it was fixed. The system was fixed by evening but the sound and light man at the Bitter End seemed to be asleep at the stick. Three times Lightfoot stopped his song and asked the microphone levels rearranged.

"Could I have less on the voice and more on the guitar?"

"Can you please get it right this time?"

"Cmon, man, lets get this done."

Someone requested *Black Day in July*, a song of last Summer's Detroit riots. "I like the song," he laughed, somewhat cynically, "but I don't want to bring you down. I'm just a Canadian, your friend from the North and I just look in now and then to see what's happening." And he spread his hands in a hopeless gesture and smiled ironically.

Q-Are you completely cynical about it?

"Well the day sure has something to do with it. You like to feel that there's still some hope but when the people that represent that hope are wiped out by assassins, what else can you see but chaos? First they got Medger Evers, then President Kennedy, then Martin Luther King and now they got Bobby. It's really frightening and I think that people here are too blind to know what's happening or they don't want to see. The only people that seem to understand in America are the young people and God bless them.

Lightfoot music is down home country, now and then peppered with some Saskatoon Folk music or Toronto blues. His voice is easy and luxurious, always restrained always in the right place and the right time. His more delicate efforts, like *Pussywillows*, *Cat-tails* seem rather skimpy vehicles for a 20th century Paul Bunyan to sing. He impresses you with his strength and his restlessness but never intimidates. He keeps you at a distance and speaks straight from the shoulder. He can be adamant, even surly but his honesty protects the conversation, always, he's not mad at you, he can't make enough sense out of the world to condemn it,

he's just going through changes. Though he's traveled to every part of Canada, he is wise in the ways of New York. He was almost mugged once, in Toronto, he remarks and he knows what it is to fear for his life, to fear for his son and to fear for some impending crisis in humanity. Yet a friend of mine called him a stone hick and that too was a good description of this man who sings.

Q-After hearing "Black Day in July," I'm surprised that more of your music isn't political.

"Well, maybe it is, maybe I talk about it a little, but I'm not a political performer, all I am is a musician stating his views.

Q-In your friendship with Phil Ochs who is not only a political performer but is actually involved with underground radical politics, has it ever become a point of discussion between you?

"Well, we've talked about it. But we usually don't get into anything heavy. We discuss those things, I guess, but I can't come up with any conclusions, I just don't know. I don't think that there are any answers to be had. Frankly today I'm confused and upset."

We watched the television screen for some news, for some picture of pain, not really wanting to see or hear but unable to turn it off.

TV commercials are so awful, I can't believe the stupidity."

Q-Haven't you ever written one?

"Oh, man, I'm guilty of having written one, yes. But let me defend myself at least. First of all it was never used, thank God, My manager had already made a deal with an advertising agent and I had to compromise. I wouldn't sing or anything, they just let me write the music and go home. But I have to live with that, I did write a jingle once. It was never played, I don't think it was corny enough. Artists shouldn't become involved in that kind of thing, it's a lack of honesty and puts you on a commercial level. I've been offered a half a year's wages to write jingles but I won't do it. It's a sellout. If a guy wants to do jingles, he's an advertising man not a musician."

Q-Don't you think there could be such a thing as an artistic commercial?

"There's no such thing. It's selling."

Q-Well, where do you draw the line -- you get paid for performing and recording, don't you? You're selling it.

"I draw the line right above writing commercials. I like to make beautiful music - period. The feeling in my music when I like it best is beauty. And compassion? Yes, compassion. I understand and feel sorry for people that don't know what they're doing to themselves." □ellen sander



"Siddown," said the Queen of Soul. So I saddown - on a plush settee in a room at the Dorchester - and Lady Aretha excused herself for a moment while she made a couple of phone calls. She looked just a little older and heavier than I'd thought . . . beige dress, broad of hip. . . but the smile was warm, and she covered

up her tiredness (out of bed at 5:30 that morning) pretty well.

"I need a couple of wigs done by tomorrow evening," Aretha was asking the hotel switchboard, curling her stockinged toes as she spoke. "Is that possible?"

Eventually, she settled into a corner of the settee and opened her eyes wide with glee as "Mr." Aretha Franklin, her amiable husband and manager Ted White, recounted how the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden had been raving over one of her club appearances the night before.

Said Aretha: "It's a funny thing, but when I get up to sing. . . something just happens. No, I don't try to act the songs I do. I don't try for something dramatic.

"It's not as if I ever rehearse the way a note is going to come out, either. I just sing it as it comes.

"You'll have to excuse the way I'm so tired," said Aretha suddenly, with a beautiful smile. "You know how it is. Early mornings are so inconvenient. Believe me, if every day began for me at 12 noon, everything would be just fine."

Surprisingly, the raving, spouful Aretha isn't completely hung up on wild music. "I like the quiet ones," she told me, "but when I come to think of it, I guess I've got pretty wide tastes.

"Religious music still has the same meaning for me as when I used to sing in my father's gospel choir and then on my own. They once called me the 'New Gospel Queen.' In fact, I remember the very first records I ever made were religious tracks for the Checker label.

"I've been professional for around 11 years now, though, and I've come to the view that gospel and what I do now just don't go together. I keep my gospel records at home."

I asked Aretha to name one record of hers which, today, gave her the greatest satisfaction to listen to. Answer: "For the words, 'Sweet Bitter Love.' For the melody, 'Respect,'"

Anybody who ever saw her perform (and that includes a lot of satisfied cus-

ARETHA FRANKLIN

In England

tomers) will know that Aretha really does give her all when she gets up on a stage.

Bearing all this soulful, excitement-plus in mind, it was fascinating to find that - behind the scenes - Aretha doesn't like to spend her free time digging the club or showbiz scene.

"When I finish," she told me, "I just like to go home. I like to get back to my split level house and relax. I'm very house-proud, believe me. I like to combine old-world elegance and modern styling. I guess it's a reaction I've got against spending most of my life living out of a suitcase."

Aretha is home now working on further recording sessions, although before her recent European trip she'd also been busy on tracks for her next LP.

Incidentally, I wondered what Aretha had to say about that "Soul" word that so many of us use so much.

Said Aretha: "Soul is a feeling. . . a lot of depth, and being able to bring to the surface what's happening inside. It doesn't matter which song you are singing - it's the emotion, and how you sing."

"In fact, it's necessary for me to believe in a song, or for it to be associated with something I know.

"Audience response is important to me, too. I feel it anyway - but if they don't feel it too, then I lose something.

"You know, I was rather surprised at the audience response in England. I rather thought they would enjoy the show. I didn't think they would enjoy it so much. I was really feeling good. I didn't know if they were going to like what I was going to do. But I felt it and I saw that they felt it too and it was good. I feel the audiences were uninhibited as people."

Few people may realize that Aretha penned her current "Think" hit with her



husband Ted. And she says this of her songwriting:

"The thing that attracts me about a song is the melody, but when I'm writing, I usually get the words first. My sister writes, and so does my husband, I don't do very much writing, maybe two or three songs on an album."

Finally, this quote from the Fascinating Miss Franklin:

"Music might be a factor in integrating people. Not just soul music, but any music which brings people together. Those Russian ensembles bring so many people together - much more than politicians." □ alan smith

THE STORY OF COUNTRY ROCK



BOB WILLIS

Among all the hyphenated rocks that crop up in our pop-music soil, none has lately drawn more notice among the seers and hearers than has Country-Rock. In a time when many Nashville people are worried sick about the desertion of their product by the young country audience, the young city audience is waking up to country sound as if it were the newest rock panacea. Bob Dylan, with his *John Wesley Harding* album, and our old friends the Byrds fly in the vanguard of this new wave. A recent report that the Beatles are experimenting in the C&W medium will certainly perk up steel-guitar sales.

May Country-Rock expand and prosper. But pardon us if we look askance at this view of Country-Rock as a new thing. Country-Rock has been around even longer than has Rock itself. If Rhythm & Blues was the father of Rock, then Country truly was the mother. In truth you'd only have to stretch a little to say that Country-Rock is as old as Country.

But we run the risk of confusing, because the concept of Country Music as we know it is a modern one. The phrase "Country & Western" was invented by trade magazines, possibly to match the "Rhythm & Blues" tag that gave a measure of dignity to what were formerly called "race records." This happened in the late 1940's.

And it was nearly two decades after that before people gained some true perspective on the history of the music they called C&W. From ancient British balladry to Country Charley Pride, it's a fascinating and colorful tale, and many

of its episodes have major bearing on the Rock & Roll story.

All of America's--and the world's--popular music in the 20th century follows one great historical trend. That is the trend toward homogeneity, toward the blending of regional styles into one universal style. This has been the inevitable result of the nationwide dissemination of music via electronic media. Nowhere is this trend more clear or more dramatic than with country music.

Today, country music is one of the world's tightest business scenes. Concentrated in a medium-sized Southern city, it is big enough to exert a major force on that city's overall economy. Sometimes, in the Nashville music business, the business really overshadows the music. (Nashville is not alone in this, of course.) Forty-five years ago, there wasn't any business at all, and yet every small town in America was alive with music.

Those were the days when folk music was the major entertainment of the folk. The rare gems that scholars study today were so common that few people gave any thought to preserving them. Despite the lack of mass communication, certain songs and dance tunes were spread over virtually the whole country--the rural part of it, that is. These songs and tunes were spread sometimes by print--in songbooks, magazines and newspapers, and on the loose sheets called "broad-sides" that were sold in many places, perpetuating a British custom older than Shakespeare. But they were spread even

further by word of mouth, or more accurately song of mouth. The inaccuracies involved in such transmission sometimes eroded the songs, but often they distinctly improved them. Either way, the "oral tradition" of folksong is a really fascinating thing to study, well worth the time the professors at UCLA, Indiana University and such places have spent on it.

So in 1920 you could visit a hundred counties and hear the same songs in each one, along with a wealth of locally composed pieces of course. But the styles of performance were another matter. No printed page could convey--or preserve--all the nuances of local styles. A performer could learn a song from another performer in an evening, but his vocal and instrumental style was a matter of many years' training and practice. People learned mainly from others in their localities, and though concrete evidence will never be found, it seems quite evident that a tremendous variety of local styles existed, even within a small area.

Let us run down some of the broad classifications of rural music that you could hear, somewhere or other, in the early years of the century. We can start with the aristocrat of folksong, the British ballad. Story-songs hundreds of years old were sung, usually accompanied, by men and women everywhere. These singers also sang many songs of American origin, similar in melody and in general construction but showing a markedly different style in content and language. Allied to these were large bodies of

songs that grew up in certain occupational groups, notably sailing, lumbering, coal-mining, and (most of all) cowpunching. Then there were the dance tunes, played most frequently on the fiddle, but played on virtually any available instrument. Back in the 19th century, people near the Mexican border took up the guitar, and people living where there were Negroes took up the banjo, and by 1900 both instruments had spread almost nationwide. Often people would sing along with these dance tunes; as time went on these vocals crept into the songstocks of the unaccompanied singers, and conversely many ballad singers started accompanying themselves on instruments.

Around the turn of the century a new music called Blues took America's black people by storm, and soon white people were singing it too, especially in Negro areas of course. Another very different kind of music the rural whites borrowed was from the big cities. The pop music business that flourished there had no efficient way of quickly getting its product out to the hinterlands, but the rural people were happy to learn all of it they could--in their own way.

By word of mouth. This took considerable time--say twenty or thirty years. Rural parlors in 1920 were replete with the sentimental pieces that were all the rage on Broadway--in 1890.

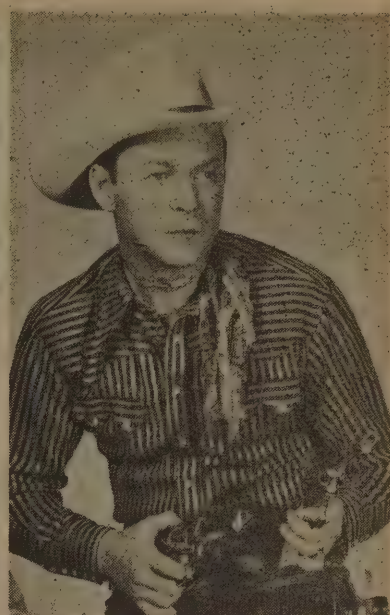
The important thing to remember is that unlike the New York scene, rural music in 1920 was in no way a business. Nobody could get rich singing folk songs--in fact, hardly



CARRIE & JIMMIE RODGERS



GENE AUTRY



ROY ROGERS

anybody could make any living at all doing it. Folk music was still really folk music—strictly an amateur activity. Performers did build up local reputations, but few could expect people to pay money for their product.

One performer who did have a rather large local reputation was Fiddlin' John Carson of Atlanta, Georgia. Carson performed a large variety of songs and dance tunes he had learned in oral tradition. Generally he sang in unison with his fiddle. Though quite orthodox in his performing style, Carson played a major role in the beginning of the cataclysm that mass communications brought to rural music. For in 1922 he began broadcasting on WSB in Atlanta, the first commercial radio station in the South. "Radio made me," he was later to say in an interview. "Until I began to play over WSB...just a few people in and around Atlanta knew me, but now my wife thinks she's a widow most of the time because I stay away from home so much playing around over this part of the country." We would expect that he was well paid for this "playing around," and that WSB profited from the commercials on his show. So there we have the start of a business. Within five years radio stations across the South were carrying live folk music. One such program on Nashville's WSM, "Grand Ole Opry," thrives to this day, and was later to become the principal magnet for the centralization of the country music business in Nashville.

In 1923, Fiddlin' John participated in yet another phase of com-

mercialized folk music, when he played some of his tunes for the General Phonograph Company, "makers of the famous Okeh records." These records, though more limited in scope than Carson's radio work, quickly spread his reputation far beyond the range of WSB's transmitter. Though issued with great misgivings by the record company, which thought Carson's folk songs were uncouth and unmusical, the records sold very well. Before the year was out Okeh's major competitors, Victor and Columbia, both had similar records of folk music on the market. It was a market the record men hadn't even dreamed of, and they approached it at first in rather random fashion, recording whatever artists were persistent enough to come to them, or be boosted by some local record dealer. Soon all the major labels of the time had regular releases for the rural market, usually categorized as "Old Familiar Tunes" or "Old Southern Songs."

The early records consisted almost entirely of traditional folk music. Though the record men shied away from unaccompanied singing, they recorded practically any kind of rural song sung with fiddle, banjo, or guitar accompaniment, from parlor songs to blues. There was also a good bit of instrumental music.

In 1924 the rural market got its first real record star. As has happened in other times and places, this star was not the heaviest imaginable purveyor of the music involved. Vernon Dalhart did have a country background, but he was a trained light-opera singer who had

successfully recorded a number of pop songs before he was induced to take up rural music. His Victor coupling of "Prisoner's Song" and "Wreck of the Old 97", released in 1924, was one of the best-selling records ever released of any kind of music. Not only did it win the affection of rural buyers in every part of the country, but it spilled over substantially into the urban pop market.

Under the guidance of Carson Robinson, a supremely talented songwriter and A&R man who also sang and played guitar, Dalhart enjoyed immense success with his records of ballads, parlor songs, and dance tunes. Concentrating on traditional material at first, the records gradually came to include more and more original songs by Robinson and other writers, in a style based on the folk's adaptations of turn-of-the-century pop songs. Robinson also wrote touching ballads about news events of the day. Dalhart ruled supreme until 1928, when his partnership with Robinson broke up in a monetary hassle. From then on Robinson himself, and a sweet-singing protege named Frank Luther (who later made many famous children's records) dominated the city-bred brand of rural entertainment.

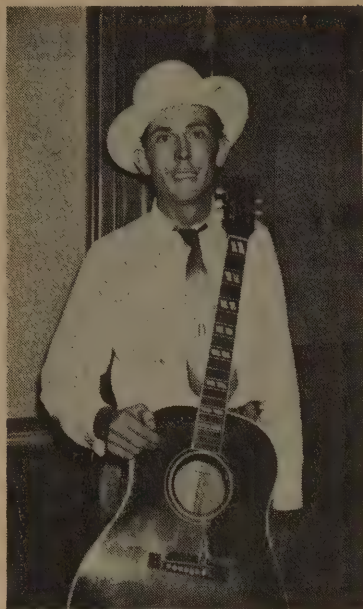
After a while it became apparent that country record-buyers wanted something a little more soulful than this stuff. Sensing this, the record companies organized talent searches in connection with their semi-annual recording sessions in various Southern cities. By far the most successful of these was organized by Victor in the summer of 1927.

The sessions were held in Bristol, a mountain town on the Tennessee-Virginia border. Among the many artists who auditioned, and the handful who recorded, two names were to achieve immortality.

The Carter Family, a trio from nearby Maces Springs, Virginia, sang mostly songs from oral tradition. Theirs was an authentic local style, but their distinctive way of playing and singing caught on wherever rural records were sold. They recorded and broadcast for nearly twenty years, as A.P. Carter ranged far and wide collecting more folk-songs for them to sing. A second generation of the family remains in the Nashville spotlight today.

The other name to arise out of Bristol came a long way to get there. Born in Mississippi, Jimmie Rodgers had been a railroad brakeman until tuberculosis forced him to seek less strenuous work. Rodgers sang folk songs for the record men at Bristol, but for his second session in Camden, New Jersey, he worked up a tune of his own that fairly set the rural market on its ear. It was a simple little blues tune, using verses and melodic lines borrowed from Negroes. To spice it up he threw in a few yodels, inspired by the Swiss entertainers who were quite popular at the time. The combination proved an instant winner, and Jimmie Rodgers was famous.

Before his death from TB in 1933, Rodgers recorded over a hundred songs. Like Dalhart, he was versatile. In addition to his Blue Yodels, he recorded numerous folk songs and parlor songs. Like Rob-



HANK WILLIAMS



BILL MOORE & THE BLUE GRASS BOYS

inson, he wrote many songs, based largely on the parlor-song idiom. But he was a little more in touch with what the rural people wanted to hear than was Robinson, and his original songs had a superb gift for naive simplicity combined with good taste. Like Robinson's, they were full of clichés, but the clichés flowed much more naturally. Much the same could be said for Rodgers' distinctive but most unpretentious performing style. Rodgers' records made him a star of heroic proportions, and he became rather wealthy. Alas, his sickness prevented him from enjoying his money as much as Victor enjoyed the revenue from his sales, which were a major factor in carrying the company through the Depression.

It was Jimmie Rodgers who really established the role of the unschooled country musician, singing a mixture of folksongs and originals, as a star of the entertainment business. And to this day the country music business is thoroughly aware of his importance as a pioneer. Nearly all his recordings are still available on LP, on the RCA Victor label.

By the time the country started climbing out of the Depression, and record sales became big business again, the Jimmie Rodgers type of performer dominated the rural market. Except for the Carter Family and a few others, there was little recording of the older styles of folk music from this point on. When folk songs appeared (and they did frequently up until the 1940's) they were done in the newer styles of the day.

With radio and records ready to give them fast national exposure, quite a pack of new styles of rural music developed in the 1930's. Foremost among the strict Jimmie Rodgers followers was Gene Autry, but as time went on Autry smoothed out the Negroid wrinkles in the idiom, making it more like the blandish pop music of that decade. Late in the 1930's he got into the movies, and began producing a steady stream of pseudo-cowboy songs. Thanks to Autry and a legion of

others such as Roy Rogers, Tex Ritter and Rex Allen, these became a huge slice of the business in the 1940's—the "western" of "country & western." Though the vast majority of C&W songs today are about people rather than horses, the Western influence remains very strong, especially in the clothes the performers wear on stage.

Two other kinds of rural music became very prominent in the 1930's. One was the duet-vocal style. Dozens of duets, usually brother pairs, won fame singing sentimental songs patterned after the Rodgers originals, with a few gospel songs and a few rowdy up-tempo tunes thrown in for variety. Close harmony, and nasal but gentle voices, were the rule. Most famous were the Shelton Brothers, Delmore Brothers, and the Blue Sky Boys (the latter more inclined to folk songs than most).

The other kind grew up in Texas and Oklahoma, and never had a name until someone dubbed it "Western Swing" in the 1940's. The artists were large instrumental

groups, sometimes with ten or twelve pieces. Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys, the Light Crust Doughboys, Bill Boyd and his Cowboy Ramblers and the Tune Wranglers played the most consistently exciting rural music to be heard at that time. In an era when smoothness and blandness was the rule, they kept things stomping, at least until 1939 or so. Their repertoire was a really fascinating mixture, reflecting the greater horizons which radio and records had given the musicians. Three types of music were served up in roughly equal proportions: songs from the contemporary and earlier rural-music tradition; pop songs, mostly from the 1920's; and Negro music, both jazz and blues. To modern ears the last-named are especially interesting. Bob Wills' recordings of such stone blues tunes as "Sitting On Top of The World" and "Empty Bed Blues" may sound corny to modern listeners, who have the real Negro article close at hand. But for thousands and thousands of whites, musicians and listeners alike, they were the main introduction to the glories of black music. Since those days, country musicians have always found time for a few blues and boogie tunes. The way in which they came to play these tunes in the late 1940's and early 1950's was a major factor in the formation of early rock & roll style. More about that shortly.

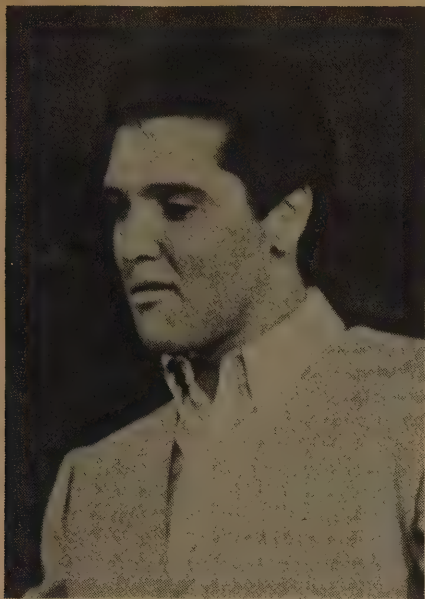
This Texas-Oklahoma band scene can also be thanked for the first appearance of a rather crucial instrumental element of today's rock, known as the electric guitar am-

plifier. As far as I can tell, it made its debut on a 1934 session by Milton Brown and his Brownies, the bluesiest of all these groups. This was at least four years before it was used in blues or jazz music.

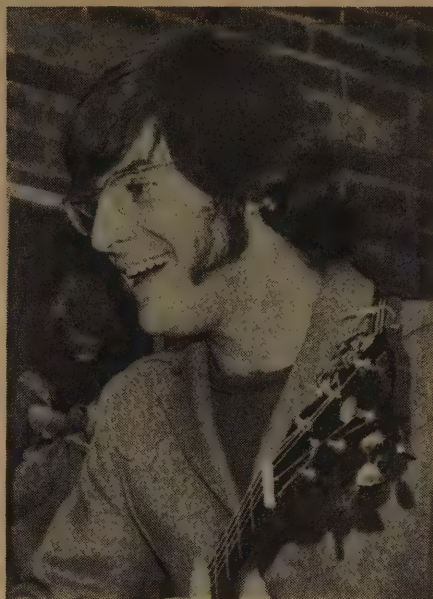
Rural music had become pretty cosmopolitan stuff by the late 1930's. Though it is still aimed for the backwoods audiences, its musicians were as adventurous as any in the urban pop or blues fields, and they even made some good stabs at picking up on the modern jazz of the time. Obviously the old names like "Old Southern Tunes" didn't fit anymore; by this time the usual distinction was the hardly more flattering "Hillbilly."

World War II was upon us. One of its more important effects on the American scene was its exposure of hundreds of thousands of rural young men to a more cosmopolitan kind of life. It followed naturally that country music began to sound a lot more like urban pop music about this time. To our 1968 ears this is not a particularly happy development. The Texas bands stopped stomping and became Western Swing, which came to sound like Tommy Dorsey with fiddles. Gene Autry became more popular than ever. The polka became a dance fad, and suddenly every country band had an accordion player.

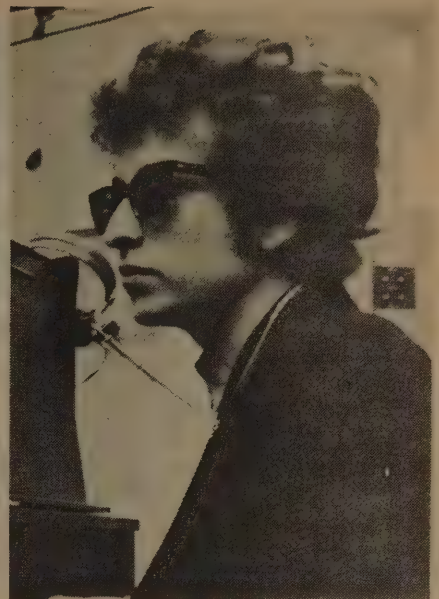
But this cycle ran its course fairly quickly. After the war there was a marked movement toward more soulful stuff. The main attraction was Hank Williams, in my opinion the greatest singer-songwriter the field has ever produced. Williams dispensed with the horn sections



ELVIS PRESLEY



JOHN SEBASTIAN



BOB DYLAN

and the squeeze-box and the bland pop-style singing. Vocally he harked back to Jimmie Rodgers and his blue yodels. His instrumental group laid down a streamlined new sound spotlighting fiddle and steel guitar; it was imitated by at least half the country groups in America if not more.

Another back-to-the-roots movement centered in Kentucky, and gave us Merle Travis, Grandpa Jones and Bill Monroe. Monroe's band, crusading to keep alive the old non-electric sound and folk repertoire, arrived at a very new way of playing this old music. His many followers christened the style after the band: the Bluegrass Boys.

Meanwhile, the mainstream C&W performers were getting into more and more blues and boogie. Electric guitars usually took the lead, and by 1949 a lot of their licks began to sound uncannily like what we recognize as early rock & roll style. Two names stand out: Porky Freeman and Arthur "Guitar Boogie" Smith. Smith's record of "Guitar Boogie," still available on an MGM "Golden Circle" single, is a perfect example of this trend. So perfect that in 1958, a group called "The Virtues" copied it note for note and had a smash hit -- "Guitar Boogie Shuffle."

In fact, this guitar style was the basis for about 90% of the rock and roll guitar playing of the 1950's. Remember that R&B artists were using very little guitar at this time; it was the era of the tenor sax. Apart from a few mavericks like Chuck Berry, the guitar belonged to the bluesmen. Though many

white people were digging the blues in the 1950's, not until a very few years ago did any of them really get into true blues guitar playing. All the white rock guitar recorded in the 1950's was instead an extension of the "Guitar Boogie" style of the 1940's, and thus represented an earlier assimilation of black music than the rock & roll hybrid itself.

Now we come to the tremendous role that real country musicians played in the early days of rock. The two greatest trailblazers of the 1950's--Bill Haley and Elvis Presley--both got their start in C&W, and did some recording for the straight C&W market before switching to the style that made them world-famous. Both of them were profoundly influenced by R&B records. Haley's band represents the very essence of the early rock hybrid, as the tenor sax of R&B fame kept good company with a C&W steel guitar. Presley was closer to the blues side of R&B; he frequently spoke of his debt to the bluesman Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup. But it was the feeling of blues, rather than its true sound, that came out in Presley's music. It was always much closer to C&W, and remains so today.

A whole host of young country musicians and singers followed in Presley's wake. The Sun record label of Memphis, which got Presley started, had a batch more--Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison. In addition many established C&W artists tried a few flings at this Negro-inspired brand of hillbilly. The name "rockabilly" that

was quickly applied to this movement encompassed many young performers who were consciously part of the Rock Revolution, but it also fit the older men who were just doing their Guitar Boogie thing. Instrumentally at least, there wasn't that much difference in the music.

Rockabilly hit a peak in 1956, the year of "Blue Suede Shoes," "Hound Dog" and "Be-Bop-A-Lula." From this point on, choruses replaced the twanging guitars, and there was a general decline of traditional influence in both country and rock. It was at this point that country music started losing its hold on the younger members of its audience. By 1960 C&W had all but buried the rebellious part of its nature, and become rigorously Establishment-oriented. We hardly need add that from this point on, rock people had very little use for it.

So how do we get to the country-rock of today? Well, let us flash back a few years, and remember the early careers of the very musicians we associate with this modern trend. Bob Dylan, the Byrds, 1965--the very first of all our hyphenated rocks, Folk-Rock. In the early 1960's, which were not the most exciting years in rock history, folk music captured the imagination of many of the cities' finest young musical minds. Then Dylan and the Beatles showed that rock meant freedom, not limitation. The Byrds made the transition on the West Coast, and the Lovin' Spoonful on the East Coast. Now these were urban "folk" musicians, whose inspiration came from the genuine rural music we talked about in the

first half of this article. Few of them had any time for C&W, which was not only establishment-oriented, but was in their eyes a sleazy bastardization of the folk music they loved. The prejudice against C&W was pretty strong. In 1966 and 1967 modern rock reached out and assimilated authentic elements of blues, classical music, Oriental music, jazz and a lot of other things pretty far removed from "Sh-Boom," but not much C&W. However rock has a way of knocking down even the highest of barriers, and sooner or later somebody was bound to see that not all elements in modern C&W are necessarily repugnant to youth music. Nobody is borrowing C&W's hackneyed choral arrangements, its violin sections, or its obsession with clever lyrics about uptight extramarital affairs. But the pure simplicity of C&W melodic lines can appeal to everyone. And rock can open limitless possibilities for C&W's most distinctive instrumental sound, the pedal steel guitar. At a time when C&W's hottest new star is a Negro (Charley Pride), this removal of prejudice on rock's part is only fitting.

John Sebastian and The Lovin' Spoonful were probably the first to see the light. "Hums of the Lovin' Spoonful" may still be the best country-rock album ever, and it's a great pity they haven't been able to do more music of this quality. But the new works of Bob Dylan and The Byrds are right now blazing the trail again. Now, bring that steel guitar out front, engineer! □ barret hansen

Welcome To The Office Of MICHAEL PHILIP JAGGER

The most revealing things about the Stones are usually learned while they are not aware you are watching them. So it was when I ambled into downtown London recently to observe Michael Philip Jagger at work in their new offices, which, as you might expect, are beautifully bizarre.

Rolling Stones Ltd. are situated six floors up, one floor above Issy Bonn Ltd. Issy, singing "Every T'ing Is Hunky Dory" to war-time audiences on BBC radio before Mick had become a little pebble, might find the goings-on above his head above his head.

The two chief Stone rollers are little, lovable Jo Bergmann, formerly a Beatles' Press officer and then a publicist for Harpers Bizarre group before becoming a super-"express"-secretary to the Stones; and Maggie Philips, with nice legs, and a nice smile, who formerly worked for nice Kenny Lynch before becoming personal secretary to

the group.

Jo sits at her desk in a redesigned invalid chair on wheels. The desk itself is a converted pre-war Singer sewing machine. Her telephone directories and pads are piled upon a huge traveling trunk, the late property of the late Fusilier S.E.W. Waller, who soldiered in Crimea. Her favorite phrases are "outasite," "neat" and "too much." She is an American.

Sometimes she loses Mick, who is wont to roll around the world for the sunshine in remote spots of South America, which is neither "neat," "outasite" or "too much." But she is overjoyed when he finally turns up in some obscure county of Northern Ireland on a hiking expedition.

Occasionally someone like Tom Keylock - the Stones' chauffeur and a good man to have on your side - will appear out of the "Board Room" and regale you with an anecdote about the time he saved Bob Dylan's life when someone pulled a knife on him in a club up North, or tell you what Keith Richard hit in the Bently recently. Then there is Sue Cox, a fugitive from KRLA, an American West Coast radio station. She never managed to get out of the office and so became an employee. On radio she was known as Princess of Razmatazz. Other additions include Theodore the Toledo Turtle and Clarence, the coffee machine.

When I arrive at the office Mick is sitting on a chair with a dark blue cape clasped about his neck. He is smiling into a phone. Later he asks if I would like to hear the single and when I assent, shows me into the Board Room. The dominating feature of this room is a huge wooden dresser stacked with jars of dried fruit, currents, apricots, raisins and pumpkin seeds for guests to nibble upon. He places "Jumpin' Jack Flash" on the player and retires to the other side of the room while I listen.

He is obviously concerned about this single but just as obviously is not going

to let anyone know how concerned he is.

"I don't feel the success of this single is any more important than the last one," says Mick. "I shall be pleased if it is a hit, but that applies at any time. I think it is a good record but I'm not going to turn round and say people are out of their skulls if they don't buy it.

"It has a nice catchy chorus line and it's a good performance number. I think it's....." At this point he got a little suspicious of my line of questioning as to whether the success or failure of this disc would be significant for them. "Look, what do you want me to say?" he asked. "Do you want me to say it would be a big thrill and very groovy if it made No. 1? All right, it would be groovy!

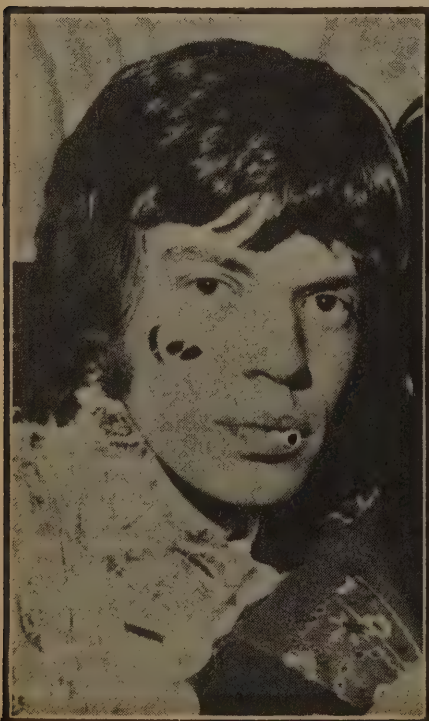
"We've had some lousy records which have gone to No. 1, and some funny ones - I think this disc is better than those. 'Little Red Rooster' was funny because it just didn't sound like a No. 1 record, and 'Get Off My Cloud' was not very groovy."

I said I liked the record (it has since taken another four hearings for me to love it). It has that big vulgar Stones sound which is just what is needed to put some guts back into the present pop mediocrity.

We returned to the main office and Mick mentioned that he was concerned about Brian's proposed interest in a dairy farm.

"I think it will make him happy and he should have it," said Jo from her sewing machine.

"I want him to be happy too, but I want to make sure he is getting his



money's worth," said Mick. "Fifty acres is not really that much when you go and look at it. I've got forty-eight acres and it's just a few fields when you look out the window." Jo mentioned that their accountant in the outer office knew all about these things.

"Right," declared Mick, "I'll go and talk to him."

In the course of the afternoon I gleaned other little pieces of information. For example, Mick has acquired a small, round Napoleon table and some Charles II furniture for his house. He has also bought a beautiful antique bed for \$200, which was used in the Liz Taylor and Mia Farrow film, "The Secret Ceremony."

Mick returns to the room and sits in a chair alongside a round kitchen table, on which sits a vase full of elegant, long-stemmed, red roses. He growls his displeasure of one recent report that the Stones hope this new single will be a hit because they have no money left. He threatens to throw a bucket of water over the offending journalist on their next meeting. Of course he does not really mean it but it is all part of being the big bad Rolling Stone.



The strange thing about Jagger is that he is instinctively a gentle, kind-hearted person. But he just as instinctively defends himself by attacking - the result of meeting too many less kind-hearted people who are only too happy to kick him in the teeth (metaphorically) at the first sign of a soft spot.

One emotive reaction he could not disguise, however, was his delight at the reception accorded the Stones on their first live appearance for 18 months at a Poll concert.

"It was just like old times," smiled Mick. "In fact, it was better than old times - one of the best receptions we ever got. We were all delighted. We intended doing 'Jumpin' Jack Flash,' only and then just accept our Poll award, unless there was a worthwhile reaction, in which case we would also do 'Satisfaction.' We played 'Satisfaction.'"

With a definite demand for more exciting sounds and more danceable music being demanded by youngsters at present the Stones are re-emerging

at just the right time. They went to considerable trouble to film a live production of 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' and "Child Of The Moon" at Olympic Studios, Barnes.

The recording studios were so full of film equipment it caused a bewildered Charlie Watts, expecting just a couple of cameras, to say to a friend later: "It's like bleeding Paramount in there."

As office hours drew to a close we spent some minutes discussing Marianne Faithfull's culinary ability, over which I will draw an indiscreet veil, and the staff began to put their heads round the door to say goodnight. Mick remained hunched in his chair and to each withdrawal wished them a "Goodnight," adding, like some Machiavellian Uncle "Mac": "Children everywhere" under his breath. He obviously thought this hugely amusing.

Finally the chauffeur arrived to take Mick home and from there we were to go to a recording session, but that is another story, about which I'll tell you another time. □ Keith Altham

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•HELLO, I LOVE YOU, WON'T YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME?

(As recorded by The Doors/Elektra)
THE DOORS

Hello, I love you, won't you tell me
your name?

Hello, I love you let me jump in your
game

Hello, I love you, won't you tell me
your name?

Hello, I love you let me jump in your
game.

She's walkin' down the street

Lyin' to every eye she meets

Do you think you'll be the guy to make
the queen of the angels sigh

Hello, I love you, won't you tell me
your name?

Hello, I love you let me jump in your
game

Hello, I love you, won't you tell me
your name?

Hello, I love you let me jump in your
game.

She holds her head so high

Like a statue in the sky

Her arms are wicked and her legs are long

When she moves my brain screams out
this song

Sidewalk crouches at her feet

Like a dog that begs for something sweet

Do you hope to make her see you fool

Do you hope to pluck this dusty jewel

Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello.

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•YESTERDAY'S DREAMS

(As recorded by the 4 Tops/Motown)

PAMELA SAWYER

IVY HUNTER

VERNON BULLOCK

JACK GOGA

Today are all sorrows just like your
love girl

Fading away

Yesterday's love won't last till tomorrow

I know you're leaving but what can I say

Go on, wish I could find a way to make
you stay

I've got to prove to you that I love you

I need you, oh!

How I need you

Don't go

Don't go

If you go don't you know you're gonna
leave me

With yesterday's dream though gone and
behind us

They are lonely reminders of plans that
we made

Yesterday's plans today gone forever.

But they're locked here inside me

And they never will fade

Although you may go time will show me

Just dreaming still and I always will

Cause I love you, I need you, oh!

How I need you

Don't you go

Don't you leave me baby

Please don't leave me with yesterday's
dreams

Although you may go time will show
me just dreaming still

And I always will

Yesterday's dreams a small pile of ashes

With one burning hope that hangs on.

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•STAY IN MY CORNER

(As recorded by The Dells/Cadet)

WADE FLEMONS

BOBBY MILLER

BARRETT STRONG

If you stay, stay darling

Stay in my corner

You'll make me oh so proud

Stay, darling please stay in my corner

To the world I'd cry out, out loud

How I love you, honey, I love you

I really love you.

Stay, stay, stay, stay darling, stay in
my corner

And I will never, never let you down

Just say you'll stay in my corner

'Cause I'll need you always around to
tell me you love me

Honey, you love me

Stay, darling stay, stay, stay, stay.

There'll be times when I may fail

I'll need your love to comfort me

Bitter things may prevail

But just a kiss from you will make you
sweet

Oh, stay, stay, stay

But just a kiss from you will make you
sweet

Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Honey I love you, love you love you in
my heart

I love you, love you, I love you.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•YOU MET YOUR MATCH

(As recorded by Stevie Wonder/
Tamla)

HUNTER
WONDER
HARDAWAY

Hey you were good at playing the fox
girl
When I was good you threw me a bone
But I ain't playing hound for nobody
Girl just wait till I get you home
I'll show you the way to love somebody
Like you've never been shown
Cause my lovelight's burning
My whole life's yearning for you

Hey, hey you played around with Jimmy
and Freddie
You tried to make me look like a fool
But I took care of Cindy and Susie
Just to show you I could be twice as cruel
If you want to learn how to love
I'll teach you in my own private school
Cause my lovelight's burning
My whole life's yearning for you.
(You met your match)
When you play with my affection
(You met your match)
When you try to make me walk the line
(You met your match)
When you decided you could hurt me
That's when your grape fell from the vine
Your mama told me that I'm better than
Mel
She said you're just a whining baby to me.
I told her Jimmy, Fred, Teddy and Big

Joe
They ain't no better
Mama shake off that dream
I told her that you really were cookin'
My love is burning, turning into steam
Cause my lovelight's burning
My whole life's yearning for you
Hey baby
(You met your match)
When you told me you love me
(You met your match)
When you told me that you won't let
me go
(You met your match)
You met your match
You met your match
You met your match
You met your match, baby.

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•KEEP THE ONE YOU GOT

(As recorded by Joe Tex/Dial)
JOE TEX

Hey fellows look over there
See that woman over there with the
long pretty hair
Don't she look good
Don't she look good.

And see that woman that just drove by
then
With hair blowin' in the wind
Didn't she look good, didn't she look good.

See that woman going to church
All dressed up in her mini skirt
She looks good, don't she look good.

And see that woman eating her lunch
She's got skin you'd love to touch
Don't she look good, don't she look
good
Listen you better keep the woman you
got
I know the other one looks good to you
But she might not be as good as she
looks
Ain't it the truth, and it's the truth.

Girls, listen let me show you something
See that man dressed in his naru
He's got pockets of money to give you
Don't he look good, don't he look good.

And see that man across the street
with those alligator shoes on his
feet
Oh the man is looking good
He looks good.

And see that man over to your right
He throws big parties every night
The man is good don't he look good
And check the man over to your left
All the women say he's kinda stuck on
himself
Oh the man knows he's looking good
He's looking good
But you better keep the same man
you got
I know the other one looks good to you
But he might not be as good as he looks
Ain't it the truth though
It's the truth.

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•CAN'T YOU FIND ANOTHER WAY (Of Doing It)

(As recorded by Sam & Dave/Atlantic)

HOMER BANKS
RAYMOND JACKSON

You hurt me when you told me that you
would never be mine
Said the day will roll around when I
see you my last time
The one you really love will soon be
coming home
And I'll be the one you left standing
all alone
Can't you find another way of doing
it, baby can't ya
Can't you find another way of doing
it, baby can't ya, oh yeah.

Heaven up above knows everything,
little girl, everything that I'm
looking for
Can't you find it another way
I'll do my very best to get over you
But deep down in this heart of mine
I know it ain't no use
It'll be like fighting an army with my
bare hands
Knowing all the time that I'm on the
losing end
Can't you find another way of doing
it, baby can't ya
Can't you find another way of doing
it, baby can't ya
Heaven up above knows everything,
little girl, everything that I'm
looking for
Can't you find it another way.

We've grown a little too close for you
to step out now
Don't you know that if you leave me,
baby
You're gonna tear me down
Can't you find another way of doing
it, baby can't ya
Can't you find another way of doing
it, baby can't ya
Can't you find another way of doing
it, baby can't ya
Can't you find another way, can't you
find oh another way
Can't you find another way of doing it,
baby can't ya
Can't you find another way of doing
it, baby can't ya.

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•PEOPLE GOT TO BE FREE

(As recorded by the Rascals/Atlantic)
FELIX CAVALIERE
EDWARD BRIGATI, JR.

All the world over it's so easy to see
People everywhere just wanna be free
Listen people listen that's the way it
should be
Peace in the valley
People got to be free.

You should see what a lovely, lovely
world this would be
If everyone learned to live together
Seems to me such an easy, easy thing
should be
Why can't you and me learn to love
one another.

All the world over it's so easy to see
People everywhere just wanna be free
I can't understand it it's so simple to me
People everywhere just got to be free.

If there's a man who is down and needs
a helping hand
All it takes is you understand and to
pull him through
Seems to me we got to solve it individually
And I'll do unto you what you do unto
me.

They'll be shouting from the mountain on
out to the sea
No two ways about it people have to
be free
Ask me my opinion, my opinion will be
It's a natural situation for a man to be
free
Get right on board now.

Oh what a feelin' just come over me
It's enough to move a mountain
Make a blind man see
Everybody's dancin' come on let's go see
There's peace in the valley
Now we all can be free.

Look see that train over there
Now that's the train of freedom
It's about to arrive any minute now
You know it's been long overdue
Look out cause it's coming right on
through.

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York 10022.

PARADE OF SONG HITS

•HAPPY

(As recorded by Nancy Sinatra/
Reprise)

LEE HAZLEWOOD

Loneliness is nothing new
I've lived with it my whole life through
So look out, gloom
I'm making room for happy, happy
Through with walking sadness street
I'm dancing on these smiling feet
Oh, blues be gone, I'm turning on with
happy, happy.

And should he need me
Well, I'll be right there
I don't care anywhere
And should he want me
I'll say this is it
The lamp is lit
Here we go, here we go
Up to where our minds are free
And every day's philosophy says life
is wild
Be like a child called happy, happy.
Here we go, here we go
Up to where our minds are free
And every day's philosophy says life
is wild
Be like a child called happy.

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•DO IT AGAIN

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/
Capitol)

BRIAN WILSON

MIKE LOVE

It's automatic when I talk with old friends
And the conversation turns to girls we
knew;
When their hair was soft and long
And the beach was the place to go
The sun-tanned bodies
And waves of sunshine
The California girls
And a do it again.

With a girl
The lonely sea looks good with
moonlight
Makes a night time warm and out of
sight
Well, I've been thinking 'bout all the
places
We've surfed and danced
And all the faces we've missed
So let's get back together
And do it again.
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•DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME

(As recorded by Mama Cass/
Dunhill)

GUS KAHN

W. SCHWANDT

F. ANDREE

We meet at evening time
'Tis sweet at evening time
To know I'll spend an hour or two
Just with you
Then when the hour grows late
I love to hesitate
The moments seem so fleeting
While I am here repeating.

Stars shining bright above you
Night breezes seem to whisper, "I
love you"
Birds singing in the sycamore tree
Dream a little dream of me
Say nightie-night and kiss me
Just hold me tight and tell me you'll
miss me
While I'm alone and blue as can be
Dream a little dream of me
Stars fading, but I linger on, dear
Still craving your kiss
I'm longing to linger till dawn, dear
Just saying this
Sweet dreams till sun beams find you
Sweet dreams that leave all worries
behind you
But in your dreams whatever they be
Dream a little dream of me.

I stand and say, goodnight
It's grand to say, goodnight
Then stay and say it o'er and o'er
By your door
The milkman hurries by
But sweetheart here am I
Again I fondly hold you,
Repeating all I've told you.

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•BORN TO BE WILD

(As recorded by Steppenwolf/Dunhill)

MARS BONFIRE

Get your motor running
Head out on the highway
Looking for adventure in whatever
comes our way
Yeah, darling, gonna make it happen
Take the world in a love embrace
Fire all of your guns at once and
explode into space.

I like smoke and lightning
Heavy metal thunder
Racing in the wind and the feeling that
I'm under
Yeah, darling, gonna make it happen
Take the world in a love embrace
Fire all of your guns at once and explode
into space.

Like a true, nature child
We were born, born to be wild
We have climbed so high
Never want to die
Born to be wild
Born to be wild
Born to be wild.

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•SOMEBODY CARES

(As recorded by Tommy James and
The Shondells/Roulette)

HARVEY WEISENFELD

RITCHIE CORDELL

BO GENTRY

Somebody cares, somebody cares
If you think I'd ever leave you
Girl you're wrong
I'd never want to and how could you
know
That my love is real
Take this kiss
And you'll know how I feel
'Cause somebody cares
I'm gonna make you see
Somebody cares
So put your trust in me
And now the time is going
And the sky is cloudy
The birds are leaving
And the cold is nearing
You trust in me
And you know the reason
That our love will last
Thru many a season
Somebody cares
I'm gonna make you see
Somebody cares
So put your trust in me
So give me a smile
'Cause you know that our love's true
Don't be in doubt
'Cause I'd never hurt you
You trust in me
And you know the reason
That our love will last
Thru many a season.

(Repeat Chorus).

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Corp.

•YOU'RE ALL I NEED TO GET BY

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye & Tammi
Terrell/Tamla)

ASHFORD

SIMPSON

You're all I need to get by
Like sweet morning dew
I took one look at you
And it was plain to see you were my
destiny
With arms opened wide
I threw away my pride
I'll sacrifice for you
Dedicate my life to you
I'll go where you live
Always there in time of need
And when I lose my wind
You'll be there to push me up the hill
There's no, no looking back for us
We got love sure enough that's enough
You're all, you're all I need to get by.

Like an eagle protects his nest
For you I'll do my best
Stand by you like a tree
And dare anybody to tramp on me
Darling in you I found
Strength when I was so down
Don't know what's in store
But together we can open any door
Just to do what's good for you
And inspire you a little higher
I know you can make a man out of a
soul that didn't have a goal
Cause we, we got the right foundation
And real love and determination
You're all, you're all I want don't you
know I do
All, all the joys under the sun wrapped
up into one
You're all I need, you're all I need
You're all I need, oh, to get by.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

●GOD BLESS OUR LOVE

(As recorded by the Ballads/Venture)

WILLIAM E. BUTLER

God bless our love
And God forgive us our temptations
For we know we have been tempted
Beyond and above humiliation
Please be by our side
For we need a guide
And as He blessed the stars above
God bless our love.

When our emotions are playing games
And we don't know right from wrong
And we began feeling ashamed
We get down on our knees and pray
Thanking God for everyday
For showing us the right way
To love and oooooo
And you'll be by our side
And as He blessed the stars above
God bless our love
God bless our love
God bless our love.

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●GIVE A DAMN

FOR (W.E.L.)

(As recorded by Spanky & Our Gang/

Mercury)

SCHARF

If you'd take the train with me
Uptown through the misery of ghetto
streets in morning light
There's always night.

Take a window seat put down your
times
You can read between the lines
Just meet the faces that you meet beyond
the window's pane
And it might begin to teach you
How to give a damn about your fellow
man
And it might begin to teach you
How to give a damn about your fellow
man.

Put your girl to sleep some time
With rats instead of nursery rhymes
With hunger and your other children by
her side
And wonder if you'll share your bed
With something else that must be fed
For fear may lie beside you
Or it may sleep down the hall
And it might begin to teach you
How to give a damn about your fellow
man
And it might begin to teach you
How to give a damn about your fellow
man.

Come and see how well despair
Is seasoned by the stifling air
See a ghetto in the good old sizzling
summertime
Suppose the streets were all on fire
The flames like tempers leaping higher
Suppose you lived there all your life
Do you think that you would mind
And it might begin to reach you why we
give a damn about our fellow man
And it might begin to teach you how to
give a damn about your fellow man
And it might begin to reach you why
we give a damn.

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●DON'T GIVE UP

(As recorded by Petula Clark/

Warner Bros.)

TONY HATCH

JACKIE TRENT

When love seems to get you down
When you can't turn around and run
You've got to stop, face the fact that
the heartaches have just begun
Because you need love, you need love
Keep on till you know that you've won
Yeah don't give up, don't let it get
you down
Don't give up, don't think of leaving
town

Don't give up, don't run away from it
Love will be yours in the end my friend.

Now and in time you'll discover the way
Don't give up, don't let it get you down
Don't give up, don't think of leaving town
Don't give up, don't run away from it
Love will be yours in the end my friend.

When someone is on your mind
And you can't find the words to say
Don't put off until tomorrow my friend
What you know you gotta do today
Don't give up, don't let it get you down
Don't give up, don't think of leaving
town

Don't give up, don't run away from it
Love will be yours in the end my friend.

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●LIGHT MY FIRE

(As recorded by Jose Feliciano/RCA Victor)

MORRISON

MANZAREK

KRIEGER

DENSMORE

You know that it would be untrue
You know that I would be a liar
If I was to say to you
Girl we couldn't get much higher
Come on baby light my fire
Come on baby light my fire
Try to set the night on fire.

The time for hesitations through
There's no time to wallow in the mire
Darling, we can only lose
And our love become a funeral pyre
Come on baby light my fire
Come on baby light my fire
Try to set the night on fire.

Well you know that it would be untrue
And you know that I would be a liar
If I was to go and tell you
Mama we couldn't get much higher
Come on baby light my fire
Come on baby light my fire
Try to set the night on fire.

Come on baby light my fire
Come on baby light my fire
Don't you know it's all right
Light my fire, light my fire, light my fire
Light my fire, light my fire, light my
fire, yeah girl.

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●SLIP AWAY

(As recorded by Clarence Carter/ Atlantic)

W. ARMSTRONG

W. TERRELL

M. DANIEL

What would I give for just a few moments
What would I give just to have you near
Tell me you will try to slip away somehow
Oh I need you darling
I want to see you right now
Can you slip away, slip away, slip away
Oh I need you so.

Love, oh love, how sweet it is
When you steal it darling
Let me tell you something
How sweet it is
Now I know it's wrong
The things I ask you to do
But please believe me darling
I don't mean to hurt you.

But could you just slip away without
him knowing you're gone
Then we could meet somewhere where
we're both unknown
And just can't you slip away, slip away,
slip away
I need you so

Oh can you slip away baby
I'd like to see you right now darling
Can you slip away now baby
Cause I've got to, I've got to see you
I feel a deep burning inside
Oh I wish you could slip away.

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●PLEASE RETURN YOUR LOVE TO ME

(As recorded by The Temptations/ Gordy)

NORMAN WHITFIELD

BARRETT STRONG

I cry myself to sleep at night
For fear of another holding you tight
And oh baby I miss you more with each
passing day
Every night on my knees I pray
Oh please return your love to me
Girl, forgive me for the wrong I've done
Without your love I'm just no good.

I'm sorry for the wrong I've done
Now I know how it feels to lose that
special someone
And oh baby I need your love more than
words can say
Without your love I can't face another
day
Oh please return your love to me
Girl, forgive me for the wrong I've done
Without your love I'm just no good
I'm just a lonely one.

And oh baby I want you to know
As long as there's a heaven above
You'll be my one and only love
And oh baby I can't control this
growing need girl
Come on and see about me
Oh please return your love to me girl
Forgive me for the wrong I've done
Without your love I'm just no good
I'm just a lonely one
I'm a lonely one, I'm a lonely one.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• I CAN'T STOP DANCING

(As recorded by Archie Bell & The Drells/Atlantic)

GAMBLE

HUFF

Oh no I just can't stop
(I just can't stop dancing)
(I just can't stop dancing)
There's a place I eat lunch every day
Soon as I get there the jukebox starts
to play
I can't even eat my heart's in beat
Cause music makes me get outta my seat
(I just can't stop dancing)
(I just can't stop dancing)
Music has a strange effect on me
It doesn't matter wherever I may be
Whenever I hear a drummer play that
funky beat
I drop everything and get outta my seat.

(I just can't stop dancing)
(I just can't stop dancing)
(I just can't stop dancing)
I won't stop
(I just can't stop dancing)
Let me put this hamburger down
I don't want no more
Sure enough groovin' now y'all
Look at me, oh yeah
(I just can't stop dancing)
(I just can't stop dancing)
(I just can't stop dancing)
(I just can't stop dancing).

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• 1, 2, 3, RED LIGHT

(As recorded by 1910 Fruitgum Co./Buddah)

S. TRIMACHI

Every time I try to prove I love you
1, 2, 3, red light you stop me
Baby, you ain't right to stop me
1, 2, 3, red light you stop me.

Every time I make a move to love you
1, 2, 3, red light you stop me
Baby, every night you stop me
1, 2, 3, red light.

Stop the game
You've got too much to lose
If you stop me again
That's when we might end
So please don't refuse.

Every time I make a move to love you
1, 2, 3, red light don't stop me
Baby, you ain't right to stop me
1, 2, 3, red light won't stop me.

Every time I try to prove I love you
1, 2, 3, red light won't stop me
When I know I'm right don't stop me
1, 2, 3, red light.

Every time I make a move to love you
1, 2, 3, red light don't stop me
Baby, you ain't right to stop me
1, 2, 3, red light won't stop me
Every time I try to prove I love you
1, 2, 3, red light don't stop me.

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• I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING

(As recorded by Jackie Wilson/Brunswick)

VAN MCCOY

ALICIA EVELYN

The closer you get the better you look,
baby
The better you look the more I want you
When you turn on your smile
I feel my heart go wild
I'm like a child with a brand new toy
And I get the sweetest feeling
Honey, the sweetest, baby, the sweetest,
loving you.

The warmer you kiss the deeper you
touch me, baby
The deeper you touch the more you
thrill me

It's more than I can stand
Girl when you hold my hand
I feel so grand that I could cry
And I get the sweetest feeling
Mama, the sweetest, baby, the sweetest,
loving you.

The greater you love the stronger you
hold me, baby
The stronger you hold the more I need
you

With every passing day
I love you more in every way
I'm in love to stay
And I wanna say
I get the sweetest feeling
Baby, the sweetest, honey, the sweetest
loving you.

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• MISTER NICO

(As recorded by Four Jacks & A Jill/RCA Victor)

MARKS

Broken windows, bolted doors
Dust lies thick upon the floor
Soon machines and men will be
Breaking down what's part of him
Through the concrete, through the steel
He sees things no others will
Not just wealth but heartbreak too
And I wonder what old Nico will do
Close up shop Mr. Nico
That's what the big man said
Make way for concrete and steel
And no one even cared.

Now times will change, times will
choose
Who's to win and who's to lose
Progress can for many men be the
start or be the end

Close up shop Mister Nico
That's what the big man said
Make way for concrete and steel
And no one even cared.

Now it's just a memory
It's just a thought
If something's sold then something's
bought

Poor old Nico never sold
He wouldn't leave till he was told
Close up shop Mister Nico
That's what the big man said
Make way for concrete and steel
And no one even cared
Make way for concrete and steel
And no one even cared.

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• SUDDEN STOP

(As recorded by Percy Sledge/Atlantic)

BOBBY RUSSELL

Walking out, didn't talk it out
Now she's gone
So you can talk it out
I'm all alone and I must do without
All the love that I can't live without
Played her wrong, did her wrong
And I don't blame the girl for being
gone
I was cheating on her all along
I can't really see her staying on.

When a man is being loved
He takes it for granted
He can't see himself falling
He thinks he's on top
Oh but it's not the fall that hurts him
at all

It's that sudden stop.

Suddenly, she stopped loving me
Found me running round and set
me free

Now my misery is my company
And I'm missing her touch constantly
Walking out, oh she's walking out
Now she's gone
Someone talk it out
Now she's gone
So you can talk about
All the love I can't live without
Walking out, oh she's walking out
Now she's gone.

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• EYES OF A NEW YORK WOMAN

(As recorded by B.J. Thomas/Scepter)

MARK JAMES

I'll be in New York City
Where a light shines bright for miles
Where my woman waits for me
Arms that hold me tenderly
Lips as sweet as honeycomb
Love that waits for me alone
Deep in the eyes of a New York woman.

The eyes of a New York woman
Are eyes that can hold a man
She swept me off of my feet
Made my world seem so complete
I'll never have to look for more
I found what I've been looking for
Deep in the eyes of a New York woman
Though I wasn't ready for the ties
that bind
But I lost my heart to her when her eyes
met mine
Now I see it differently
I've got to recognize.

Oh I'll make my own fun city
And let the light shine bright on me
East side cafes, west side plays
Uptown, downtown I'll be there
I'll never have to look for more
I found what I've been looking for
Deep in the eyes of a New York woman.

The eyes of a New York woman
Are eyes that can hold a man
She swept me off of my feet
Made my world seem so complete
I'll never have to look for more
I found what I've been looking for
Deep in the eyes of a New York woman.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

●BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

(As recorded by The Happenings/B.T. Puppy)

NEIL SEDAKA

HOWARD GREENFIELD

Don't take your love away from me
Don't you leave my heart in misery
Yet you know that I'll be blue
'Cause breaking up is hard to do
Remember when you held me tight
And you kissed me all thru the night
Think of all that we've been thru
And breaking up is hard to do
They say that breaking up is hard to do
And I know that I know that it's true
Don't say that this is the end
Instead of breaking up
I wish that we were making up again
I beg of you don't say goodbye
Can't we give our love another try
Come on, baby, let's start anew
'Cause breaking up is hard to do.

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●NEVER GOIN' BACK

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/Kama Sutra)

JOHN STEWART

Every time I see this Grayhound bus go
roll-in' down the line
Makes me wish I talked much more to you

When we had all that time
Still it's only wishin' and I know it's
nothin' more
Never goin' back, never goin' back
never goin' back
Oh to Nashville anymore.

Oklahoma City, yes I know
That she won't treat me cruel
Denver, Colorado, never made me feel
like such a fool
These are only cities
But they're cities without you
Never goin' back, never goin' back
never goin' back
Oh to Nashville anymore.
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●WALK ON

(As recorded by Roy Orbison/MGM)

ROY ORBISON

BILL BEES

Walk on, if we should meet walk on
On down the street, walk on
Don't even look walk on
Close up your book
We don't want the world to see us like
we are

We should never have even gone this far
Quickly brush away that teardrop
Walk away darling don't stop.

Don't look back at me baby, walk on
Walk on don't turn around
Walk on to higher ground
Think of all we'll share together
Keep it in your heart forever
Don't forget me but baby walk on
If you ever loved me baby walk on.

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●LOVE MAKES A WOMAN

(As recorded by Barbara Acklin/Brunswick)

EUGENE RECORD

WILLIAM SANDERS

CARL DAVIS

GERALD SIMS

The fire it was burning
Sweetheart I know
Should of been learning but my pockets
full of money yes they were
I had someone, yes I did, to call my honey
But it's love, sweet love, that makes a
woman
Yes it's love, sweet love, that makes a
woman.

Something told me that this wouldn't last
Now my honey is in the past
I had to swallow all my pride
And admit to myself deep down inside
Diamonds and pearls don't you know
that I've had enough
But I feel so much better, yes I do dressed
in love
Yes it's love, sweet love, that makes a
woman
Yes it's love, sweet love, that makes a
woman
What she is, yeah, what she feels.

It's love that makes a woman yes it is
Yes it's love, sweet love, that makes a
woman
What she is, yeah, what she feels
I said it's love.

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●JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE MIND

(As recorded by The Amboy Dukes/Mainstream)

TED NEUGENT

STEVE FARMER

Leave your cares behind
Come with us and find
The pleasures of a journey to the center
of the mind.

Come along if you care
Come along if you dare
Take a ride to the land
Inside of your mind
Beyond the seas of thought
Beyond the realm of what
Across the stream of hope
And dream where things are really not
Come along if you care
Come along if you dare
Take a ride to the land inside
And you'll see how
Happy life could be
If all of mankind
Would take the time
To journey to the center of the mind
Would take the time
To journey to the center of the mind
Come along if you care
Come along if you dare
Take a ride to the land inside of your mind
But please realize you'll
Probably be surprised
For it's a land
Unknown to man
Where fantasy is fact
So if you can please understand
You might not come back.

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●HALF WAY TO PARADISE

(As recorded by Bobby Vinton/Epic)

GERRY COFFIN

CAROLE KING

I want to be your lover
But your friend is all I stay
Only half way to paradise
So near yet so far away
I long for your lips to kiss my lips
But just when I think they may
You leave me half way to paradise
So near yet so far away.

Bein' close to you is almost heaven
But see-in' you can do so much
It hurts me so to know your heart's
a treasure
And that my heart is forbidden to touch
So put your sweet lips close to my lips
And tell me that's where they're gonna
stay
Don't leave me half way to paradise
So near yet so far away.

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●I AM YOUR MAN

(As recorded by Bobby Taylor and The Vancouvers/Gordy)

NICKOLAS ASHFORD

VALARIE SIMPSON

Rely on me to supply your needs
From now on
To shelter you and be a pillow
To lean on
For in your eyes I see
What I was born to be
And now, now my life can begin
For I am your man
Oh yes I am, yes I am
I'm your man.

Listen darling
There's no sacrifice great or small
I wouldn't do
My ambition is bringing happiness
to you
And if trouble comes our way
I won't run I'll promise to stay
Right by your side
'Cause that's where I'm gonna stay
For I am your man
Oh, yes I am, little darling, little
darling.

Oh, my childish days are through
I want to be someone you can look up to
Someone who can protect
Someone who you can respect
I have been trying to make myself worthy
Of the precious love, precious love
I know you've been giving me
I want nothing more for myself
Your love is my greatest wealth
And when you take my hand, take
my hand
You will proudly say
Oh, this is my man
Oh yes it is little darling, I am your man.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON

(As recorded by The Supremes/
Motown)

HOLLAND
DOZIER
HOLLAND

Set me free
Why don't you baby
Get out of my life
Why don't you baby
'Cause you don't really love me
You just keep me hangin' on
You don't really need me
But you keep me hangin' on.

Why do you keep a-comin' around
Playing with my heart
Why don't you get out of my life
And let me make a new start
Let me get over you
The way you've gotten over me
Hey, set me free
Why don't you baby
Let me be
Why don't you baby
'Cause you don't really love me
You just keep me hangin' on.
Now you don't really want me
You just keep me hangin' on.

You say although we broke up
You still wanna be just friends
But how can we still be friends
When seeing you only breaks my heart
again
And there ain't nothing I can do about it
Set me free
Why don't you baby
Get out of my life
Why don't you baby
Set me free
Why don't you baby
Get out of my life
Why don't you baby.

You claim you still care for me.
But your heart and soul needs to be free
Now that you've got your freedom
You wanna still hold on to me
You don't want me for yourself
So let me find somebody else
Hey, hey, why don't you be a man
about it
And set me free
Now you don't care a thing about me
You're just using me
Go on get out, get out of my life
And let me sleep at night
Please you don't really love me
You just keep me hangin' on.

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•ALICE LONG (YOU'RE STILL MY FAVORITE GIRLFRIEND)

(As recorded by Boyce and Hart/
A&M)

TOMMY BOYCE
BOBBY HART

You're still my favorite girlfriend,
Alice Long
And I don't forget about you when
you're gone
Even though right now you feel you
don't belong
You're still my favorite girlfriend
Alice Long.

We both agreed not to get hung up
To talk things over as they come up
So if you think we don't see each other
enough
Let's talk things over together
Nothing could keep us apart
But if I ever forget to call you
You start to wonder whether you're still
a part of my heart
Can't you see
Can't you see
You're still my favorite girlfriend,
Alice Long
But you can't hold onto love by holding
on
Whether I'm with you or when I'm gone
You're still my favorite girlfriend,
Alice Long.

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•SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE

(As recorded by The Cream/Atco)

J. BRUCE
P. BROWN
E. CLAPTON

It's getting near dark
When lights close their tired eyes
I'll soon be with you my love
Give you my dog surprise
I'll be with you darling soon
I'll be with you when the stars start falling
I've been waiting so long
To be where I'm going
In the sunshine of your love.

I'm with you my love
The light shining through on you
Yes I'm with you my love
It's the morning and just we two
I'll stay with you darling now
I'll stay with you till my seed's all
dried up
I've been waiting so long to be where
I'm going
In the sunshine of your love.

I'm with you my love
The light shining through on you
Yes I'm with you my love
It's the morning and just we two
I'll stay with you darling now
I'll stay with you till my seed's all dried up
I've been waiting so long
I've been waiting so long
I've been waiting so long
To be where I'm going in the sunshine
of your love.

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serole Music Inc. c/o Walter Hofer,
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•DOING THINGS TOGETHER WITH YOU

(As recorded by Madeline Bell/
Philips)

VAN MCCOY

When I'm with you
I find I lose all track of time
It's so easy to do
When I'm doing things together with you.

The world seems far away
And all my clouds are gray
Suddenly turn blue
When I'm doing things together with you.

Like holding hands and making plans
Sharing the dreams we're dreaming of
Sharing the joy of being in love.

And when we say goodnight
I hold my pillow tight
And dream the whole night through I'm
still doing things together with you
We kiss and then we kiss again
I'll toss and turn and yearn for your
charms
Then once again I'm in your arms.

Like holding hands and making plans
Sharing the dreams we're dreaming of
Sharing the joy of being in love
We kiss and then we kiss again
When I look in your eyes
I lose track of time.

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pictures I hear

*by
Brigitta*



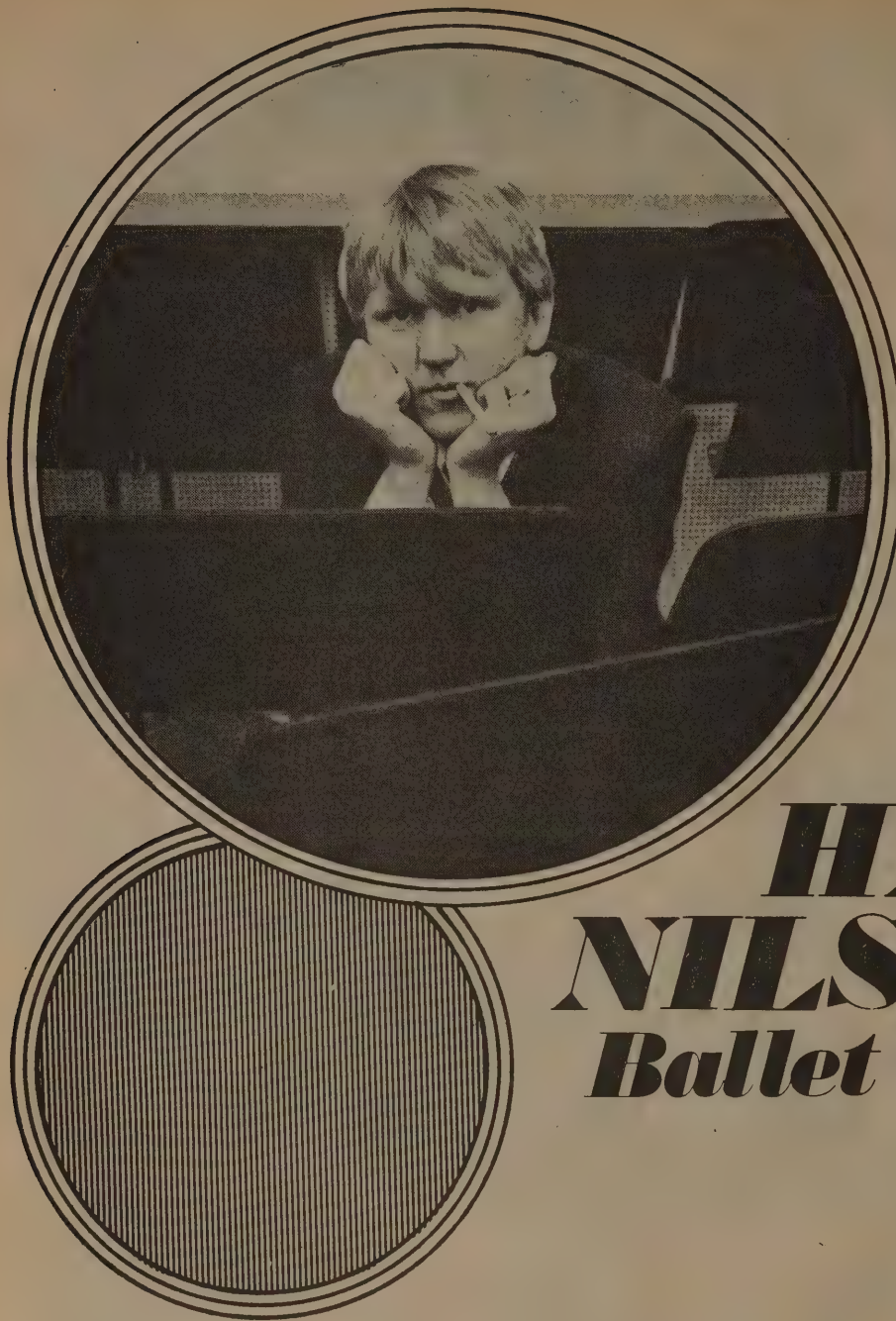
The two groups which have grown most in my estimation during the last year are Harpers Bizarre and the Four Tops. In some ways, they have similar talents—giving definition to woolly songs. I am especially impressed by a little hair-bleach commercial the Harpers Bizarre do, which was supposedly written by VanDyke Parks. A disc jockey erroneously identified the song, "Come Into The Sunshine," as being from the Parks album "Song Cycle," and I can see easily how he made the mistake — one Parks song is pretty much like another; the disc jockey suggested to the audience that if they liked the Bizarre version of "Come Into The Sunshine," they might like to buy the Parks album: I quite disagree with that — For those who haven't heard it, an equivalent experience would be to listen to Archie Bell and the Drells do "Tighten Up" for an hour or so — But a crisp two minutes of Harpers Bizarre is something else again; and you have to admit Parks writes a neat hair bleach commercial.

It's best not to be too sweeping in condemning a group for putting out a 'replica' of an earlier hit. An example is the Delfonics' "I'm Sorry," obviously a variation on their recent "La-La Means I Love You." But "I'm Sorry" is an interesting study, going deeper into similar chord combinations where "La-La..." only played on the surface.

"I'm Sorry" is an immersion song, not the kind where you get distracted by clever lyrics: Adding it to "La-La Means I Love You" makes it a kind of suite; it's really a completion rather than a repetition. I might even like to hear the Delfonics try the same thing again, just to see if they can invent any further refinements. I especially liked the horn bridge that reminded me of the horn in the Bee Gees' "World," except that the horn in "I'm Sorry" was not as wild; it was more muted and more regular.

Listening to "Indian Lake" by the Cowsills is like hearing a ghost — it's as though the Beach Boys had come back to us all whole and unracked, all unartisticized, unmysticized and untranscendentalized again. The publicity of the Cowsills put me off at first, but now I am beginning to think that their optimistic, spirited choral directness is the pure reflection of healthy soul; unlike the Beach Boys, who early concentrated on cars, motorcycles and surfing, the Cowsills have a strong moral point of view. "In Need of A Friend," written by two Cowsill brothers still in their teens, shows an unusually mature spirit. And "Newspaper Blanket," while nowhere as sophisticated musically, shows social concern similar to that in Paul Simon's "Old Friends/Bookends."

(continued on page 50)



HARRY NILSSON'S *Ballet Of Sound*

Shortly before his death, Brian Epstein flew to Los Angeles to try to sign Harry Nilsson for management. Epstein had heard Nilsson's version of the Beatles' "You Can't Do That," into which Harry wove a dozen or so titles of other Beatles' songs. The meeting was cordial but Nilsson turned down the manager of the Beatles. Turned him down.

The single received some airplay in Los Angeles, each time attracting a flurry of curious phone calls to the station. Did the Beatles produce it? Were the Beatles singing on it? No and no.

Any suspicions that the Beatles were secretly involved in his records were dispelled with the release of Nilsson's first album on RCA, "Pandemonium Shadow Show," a record which uses about 20 voices, all of them belonging to the tall blonde 27-year old. His voice has a three-octave range, his imagination a somewhat wider one. He is a vocal chameleon but, unlike some singers whose lack of limitations robs them of identity, each voice shares a personality common to every voice.

Nilsson is easily identifiable whether he is shouting the dramatic lyrics of "10 Little Indians" or musing tenderly in "Sleep Late My Lady Friend" or screaming in "River Deep, Mountain High."

His phrasing is perfect but there is more. He embellishes many of his songs with bits of scat singing, sometimes noodling through an octave or two, sometimes imitating an instrument, sometimes doing things for which there is no adequate description. His voice doubles and triples and quadruples in harmony and counterpoint. All the singing voices on the album are his, even on the Beatles' "She's Leaving Home" with its latticework of complex harmony. He can be a one man group.

The album and the first couple of singles unfortunately received little attention from radio stations but some interesting things began to happen. The Yardbirds recorded "10 Little Indians." The Monkees recorded "Cuddly Toy." Blood, Sweat and Tears recorded "Without Her." He wrote all of them. So far the list of people who have re-

A number of groups have done striking approximations of the sound of the Beatles, records such as "Lies" by the Knickerbockers, "In My Own Time" by the Bee Gees and "You're a Very Lovely Woman" by the Knickerbockers. The similarities have been produced through imitative arrangements, voices and melodies by the combos, sometimes accidental combinations (so they say) which have gelled into near-Beatles records. It is a rea-

sonably difficult feat for a group to accomplish this closeness. It should be nearly impossible for a single artist.

But there is a soloist whose records are closely akin to those of the Beatles. I should point out immediately that no copying nor mimicry is involved. The parallel elements in the music of Nilsson and that of the Beatles seem to spring from a spiritual closeness rather than technical similarities.

corded his songs includes Harry Belafonte, Jack Jones, Lana Cantrell, the Turtles, Herb Alpert, Lulu, Sandy Shaw, Glen Campbell, the Ronettes, Billy J. Kramer, Tom Northcott, the New Christy Minstrels and Rick Nelson.

Otto Preminger asked him to do the title song and score for "Skidoo," a film which will have its premiere in December. While Harry was working on the set, writing, among other things, a romantic ballad about garbage, Preminger decided to include him in a scene. He plays a prison tower guard, a mildly unlikely role for someone with such a friendly face.

Meanwhile, he was attracting a lot of attention from other performers. The Monkees made a habit of dropping in on his recording sessions and, several months after "Pandemonium Shadow Show," the Beatles discovered him. Nilsson met George Harrison about a year ago, but it was Derek Taylor, their former publicist, now an executive of Apple Records, who first played his album for the group.

Before he left Los Angeles, Taylor had become Nilsson's number one fan. He bought 25 copies of the album and sent them to friends. Everyone who came to Derek's house in the Hollywood Hills had to hear the album before he could leave, a pleasant requirement.

A few weeks after Taylor's departure, he called Nilsson at RCA Victor, where the singer inhabits an office-club-playpen amid the more austere working places of producers and executives. "Somebody here wants to talk to you," said Derek, and a British voice came on the line to say, "Man, you're fantastic!"

"Who's this?"

"It's John...John Lennon. Just wanted to tell you that your album is great...You're great!"

The Beatles joined in a party held to commemorate the English release of the album and John and Paul began telling reporters that Nilsson was their favorite singer and that he was their favorite group. They asked him to come for the party but he was in the midst of working on the Preminger film and had to decline. A month later, however, in June, they invited him for a weekend visit to London and he went, taking with him a pre-release copy of his second RCA album, "Nilsson's Aerial Ballet."

He arrived at John Lennon's house early on a Saturday and stayed through late the next day. John told him that as much as he liked the first album, the second was much better. "Lennon is the nicest and most brilliant guy I've ever met," Nilsson said afterward.



John gave him the white furry jacket which he wore during the "I Am the Walrus" segment of "Magical Mystery Tour" and played him two songs which they are working on for the next album.

"They have taken two giant steps forward, as usual, lyrically and musically with their new songs," Nilsson says. "It will be interesting to see how others will follow their new directions. The songs are another plateau, a new wave." One of the tunes was a song written by Ringo, the other was a 10-minute number called "Revolution."

In addition to wanting to meet the singer whose music they liked, the Beatles wanted to talk him into signing with Apple Music, but he is signed to a long-term contract with RCA. The meeting was a nice case of mutual admiration whose repercussions may make Nilsson a major star in England before American audiences catch up with him.

Harry Nilsson was born in Brooklyn, New York on June 15, 1941. He moved to Southern California 10 years ago to attend a private school, where he won letters in basketball and baseball (he is 6'2", 180 lbs.). Then he began a series of jobs: theater usher and the various things people fall into when they have no particular goal other than fiscal survival. Five years

ago he began working for a bank in the San Fernando Valley. At the same time he became very interested in the music business.

His first fascination with music was his discovery of Ray Charles in his early teens, but his interest did not ripen into artistic desire until a decade later. He began meeting record people and started writing songs and making demonstration records, spending most of his non-bank hours hanging around studios. One of his early friendships was with Phil Spector, the young producer responsible for the "wall of sound" hits of the Righteous Brothers, Ike and Tina Turner, the Ronettes, the Crystals and others.

Spector was not interested in recording Nilsson, but used three of his early songs, two for the Ronettes and one for the MFQ (a brilliant but short-lived group whose initials stood for the Modern Folk Quartet).

After four years of employment -- and a series of promotions -- at the bank, Harry was a computer supervisor with 32 people working under him. He liked his job but he loved music and had signed as an artist with RCA. "I left the bank when I heard the Monkees singing 'Cuddly Toy' on the radio one day," Nilsson remembers. Until that day, he had been afraid to abandon the financial



security of the job. But, in leaving, he decided that he would allow himself one year to make it as a recording artist. If he were not a success in 12 months, he would return to the bank. His departure from music now appears unlikely.

Although his first album and singles were not hits, his first year as a full-time professional has been a prosperous one. He is in demand as a singer of radio commercials (two of his current ones are for Ban deodorant and Sea and Ski lotion; his past efforts included Lucky Lager beer and Der Weinerschnitzel hot dog stands), is prospering from writer's royalties, is on salary to RCA and appears headed for more movie involvement.

The most obvious characteristic of Nilsson's singing and of his songs is a sense of freedom and it is this characteristic which links him with the Beatles. His compositions fall into no bag (unless the Yardbirds, the Monkees, Herb Alpert and Harry Belafonte constitute a bag), much as "Yesterday," "When I'm 64" and "I Am the Walrus" fall into no bag. His voice cuts through as many categories as his writing. It sounds like a Beatle voice, but not like the voice of any particular Beatle, and it has a wider range than the voices of all four Beatles. It is a rock voice, a jazz voice, a pop voice.

In Los Angeles, his records so far have received more play on easy listening stations than on the rockers. But he has no relation to the pap which generally constitutes middle of the road programming. His freedom and frequent playfulness give his records hip overtones and a feeling of youth, elements missing from the Jack Joneses, Ed Ames, Andy Williamses and other staples of "adult" radio. It is like the

difference between Barbra Streisand and Mama Cass Elliott.

His first album contains songs and performances which could be classified as pure rock ("Cuddly Toy," "River Deep, Mountain High"), romantic ballads ("Sleep Late, My Lady Friend," "Without Her"), Broadway ("There Will Never Be"), vaudeville music ("Freckles") and several which transcend categories but use elements such as country and western, folk and dramatic techniques. Every one of them, though, emerges as a thoroughly hip song. While recording "She Sang Hymns Out of Tune," Nilsson came in one bar too soon on the chorus, realized his mistake midway through the line and tapered off into inaudibility. It is so funny that they left the error on the record. Besides, it sounds good.

In the middle of "Cuddly Toy," Nilsson decided that the words "zop zop" would sound good, so he inserted them as an unlikely piece of punctuation. They work. Generally his freedom manifests itself in imaginative, often nonsensical, vocal flights which slide up and down melodies with the ease and whimsy of an otter playing in the snow.

He records in RCA's Hollywood studios, usually playing piano on his sessions (he also plays guitar). Most of his records require a lot of overdubbing to achieve his multiple voicings. Overdubbing is often a tedious process as the artist tries to duplicate his original phrasing and timing in harmony, but Nilsson makes the task seem simple. He stands in the studio joking with his producer, Rick Jarrard, between takes, coining outrageous puns, doing comedy routines in various dialects and mugging through the glass between the studio and the control

room. The sessions are slowed more by laughter than by mistakes.

He stops talking when the tape starts and becomes a precision singer with perfect pitch and an uncanny sense of timing. The comedian becomes a musical instrument, his round face made rounder by a set of earphones pressed tightly to his head as he fills the empty tracks of the tape with synchronized voices.

The person behind the voices and the writing is soft spoken and modest, not the extreme sort of modesty which is an inverted form of egotism but modest enough to enjoy music other than his own and conversational subjects other than himself. "Don't you want to know who my favorite singers are?" he asks on the phone. "Be sure to mention Laura Nyro and Ray Charles and the Beatles."

He is entranced by Laura Nyro, who had dinner at his house when she was in Los Angeles last June to record "Save the Country," her current single. He played her a song he is writing based on her piano and lyrical styles and insisted that she play some of the songs she is writing for her next album, which she did.

In short, he does not share the aloof mystique cultivated by most pop stars. His face relaxes in a grin. He is an extrovert, not afraid to show enthusiasm.

The title of his current album springs from a circus operated by his great-grandparents in Sweden around 1900, "Nilsson's Aerial Ballet." In contrast to his first album, which contained six Nilsson compositions, the songs on this one are nearly all his. One exception is "Everybody's Talking," a Fred Neil song. Another is "Little Cowboy," which his mother made up and sang to him when he was a child, though he has altered it slightly.

Most of his writing is easily understood, but he occasionally weaves layers of meaning beneath the surface story of a song. "Cuddly Toy" on the first album achieved a double entendre by using motorcycle gang slang in such a way that the slang terms also had a literal meaning. "Good Old Desk" on the second album is a religious song, Good Old Desk being an acronym for God.

The first album was a joyful exploration of Nilsson's varied abilities. "Nilsson's Aerial Ballet" is a little more somber and a little less eclectic but equally as exciting an album for it offers more of his writing and focuses more on Harry's depth than on his width. He has a great deal of both. He is one of the best singers in pop music today. And one of the best groups. □ pete johnson

Now It's TIM HARDIN'S Turn

It was midway through the concert, his first in Los Angeles, and the singer raised himself from a mock bow toward the audience which half filled the auditorium, the rough-gentle face quickly flickering through a couple of boyish expressions. "This is the song which made me famous," he said. "Bobby Darin wrote it for me." His fingers ducked into the strings of his amplified acoustic guitar and, as the laughter of the audience changed to applause, began singing in a gently breaking voice.

"If I were a carpenter
And you were a lady
Would you marry me anyway
Would you have my baby?"

The two Top 40 stations in Los Angeles were playing the song about a dozen times a day — the thumping version by the Four Tops. Two years before, Darin's rendition of the song had received the same saturation exposure. Tim Hardin, of course, wrote it but somehow his version never received much attention. Hardin himself has received little attention except from recording industry people on the lookout for good sources of material and an alert following of folk people. His best known songs — and they are among the prettiest and most lyrical in pop music — are "If I Were A Carpenter," "Misty Roses," "Black Sheep Boy," "Don't Make Promises," "Reason to Believe," "Red Balloon" and "Lady Came From Baltimore."

There would be more, but Tim Hardin's



whose style has inspired many folk artists and rock hyphenate groups and his band — vibes, guitar, bass, piano and drums — is a perfect extension of his music. His recordings are great, though their sales have been less than monumental.

Hardin's first album to be released was "Tim Hardin 1" (Verve Folkways FTS-3004), which was begun in 1964 and finished more than a year later. Not that it's that complex an album, but Tim does not easily adapt to routines. When he gets tired, he disappears, sometimes untraceably, sometimes for a few

found his style and his voice sounds better than it has on subsequent sessions when the strain of formality seems to have slightly weakened his singing.

His latest album is "Tim Hardin 2" (Verve Forecast FTS-3022), which includes "If I Were a Carpenter," "Red Balloon," "Black Sheep Boy," "Lady Came to Baltimore" and "Tributes to Hank Williams." Many of the songs are set in unfortunate glossy arrangements which dilute his impact, but his writing and interpretation more than make up for such critical quibbles.

appearances and records are rare. He is one of the most underexposed major talents in the country. At the age of 26 he has been performing and recording for five years, but that half-decade of effort has resulted in only three albums and very few appearances outside of his home base of New York. The Los Angeles concert last June was part of his first national tour, a leisurely affair which took several months to crawl from New York to Montreal to Philadelphia to Los Angeles to San Francisco back to New York, then on to London's Albert Hall and scattered concerts in other areas of England.

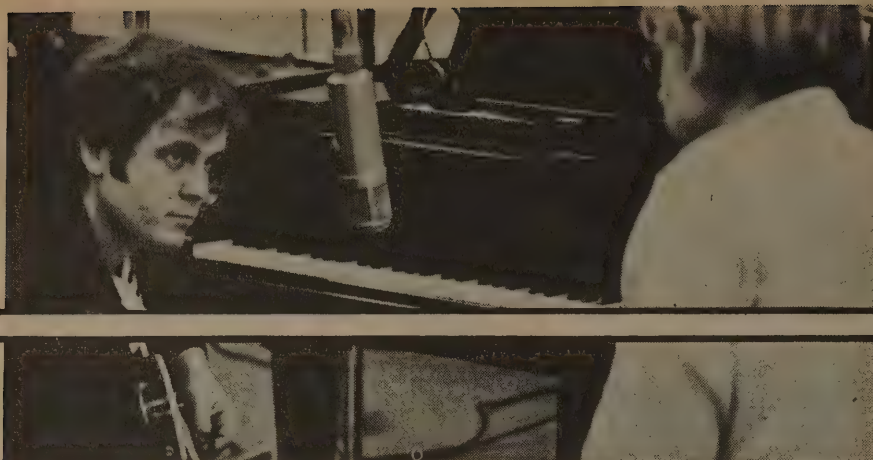
His appearances tend to end in standing ovations, for he is a great singer

hours, sometimes for a few days, sometimes for a few weeks. The album included "Don't Make Promises," "Green Rocky Road," "Smugglin' Man," "I'll Never Happen Again," "Reason to Believe," "Part of the Wind," "Misty Roses" and "How Can We Hang on to a Dream," songs destined to influence a lot of people.

Next came "This Is Tim Hardin" (Atco 33-210), compiled from tapes made previous to his first release, in 1963 and 1964. Tim says that the songs were recorded in a friend's studio and were not intended for release, but suddenly there they were. Only four of the songs are his compositions and the recording quality is not ideal, but Tim had already

Despite the success of his songs and his style in the pop market, Hardin does not consider himself a member of the genre. He knows little about other artists, aside from those who are members of the Greenwich Village scene from which he emerged and looks at the music trade papers only to see how various versions of his songs are doing. "For some reason people expect me to know about pop music, but I don't." He shrugs. "It has no relation to me."

Hardin, who plays guitar and piano, considers himself more of a jazz artist, though he has more of a following in folk than in jazz circles, a following attracted by the strains of blues and country music as well as the use of trad-



enough. When actually I can give everything I have without doing that."

During his Los Angeles concert he proved the depth of his giving. His voice seems fragile, laced with tiny cracks which develop from the strain of coming out of Tim. The beautiful fragility seems to reflect his essence, but it is deceptive for he can howl the blues, enlarging his voice until the cracks space into growls. The blues are as much a

ditional material in his songs and singing.

Hardin is short, but he looks like a brawler, the conniving "long tall Timmy" he sings of in his first Verve LP. His face looks as if it has been in a lot of places and through a lot of torment but he can relocate or erase the lines with the skill of an actor, which he once almost was. He will flip through a number of broad facial expressions while he is talking, each mirroring a different person. He will freeze in mid-sentence, silently completing the thought with a look. He becomes sly, honest, startled, smug, serious and comic within a tiny slice of time, a mobility of expression captured on the back cover of "Tim Hardin I."

The face has been in a lot of places. Tim has lived in Oregon, Virginia, Missouri, Texas, Massachusetts, New York, Colorado and California. He completed three years of high school in Eugene, Ore., then enlisted in the Marines — "a legal loophole that allows the prisoner to sign himself into another prison, from parental care to the military."

But he enjoyed the Marines, a memory which his face now accompanies with a grimace. He is, after all, a descendant of John Wesley Hardin, the gunslinging Texan who occupied a "great great second cousin" branch of Tim's family tree. He was stationed in Okinawa, San Diego

Tim assimilated (his face underlines the word). By ear, I assimilated reading music. I'm a musician man.

"I started playing the guitar real good after having it a week, because I understood that you should play a guitar the way it's built and I understood how it's built. I had to write tunes that I could play on the guitar as I went along. I got a job playing after I had had the guitar a week."

For his first notable appearance, he assembled a band and moved into the Night Owl Cafe in the Village for 15 weeks. "That was the first thing they ever had. We put it on the map. Then the Lovin' Spoonful came in. John Sebastian was in my band, on harmonica." Sebastian also played harmonica on Tim's first Verve album. John apparently assimilated ideas during his stint with Hardin. His vocal style, particularly on ballads such as "Didn't Want to Have to Do It" and "Darling Be Home Soon," derives a lot from Hardin.

The Village became Tim's headquarters and he became one of the most potent forces in its flourishing folk scene, he and Fred Neil and Bob Dylan and Phil Ochs and Jack Elliot, the root influences on scores of other performers and groups. He recorded, however, in Los Angeles. He considers the most productive year of his life the time he

part of his essence as the beauty. "He could be another Presley," someone remarked after the performance, and it is strangely true, but that isn't where he is headed.

The raw excitement which Hardin shares with Presley is only a part of his world. A larger part is an almost shy tenderness which dominates most of his lyrics:

**You look to me like misty roses
Too soft to touch
But too lovely to leave alone. . .
You look to me like love forever
Too good to last
But too lovely not to try. . .

The dominant theme of his writing is love, an introspective romantic view of life which communicates itself in touching simple images such as misty roses, carpenters and ladies and paper wings. Tim is married and lives in Woodstock, N.Y., with his wife and his year-and-a-half-old son, Timothy Damion, whom he loves to talk about. The liner notes on his last album comprise a blank verse which he wrote about his worry and pride as the day of his fatherhood approached. They live in a "beautiful log country home. Real logs" on the other side of town from Bob Dylan's house. "We don't get along very good," he says about Dylan.

Hardin has just signed with Columbia Records, for whom he will make an album this year, enlarging his discography to four entries. He has written far more songs than his album output would in-

and Twentynine Palms, Calif., during a period of two years. After his discharge he migrated to Greenwich Village, bent on becoming an actor. Each year of high school he had won acting awards, but his enrollment in the American Academy of Dramatic Art lasted only two weeks.

He bought a guitar. "My mother was the concertmistress of the Portland Civic Symphony. It's unusual to have a woman violinist that good. And my dad has a brilliant ability to play pre-bop and bop jazz. He is a bass player, but they both play piano.

"When I was a kid, I took piano lessons for a while. I only took a few, like three or four piano lessons, but lucky

spent in Los Angeles for his first formal album sessions.

"When things are right, I'm very productive, every day. I just feel like writing. I don't know what I'm going to write. I sit down with a pencil and paper, write the first word and then (his face takes over the sentence as he hisses to indicate high velocity). I don't know how I do it. I don't even know what it means until I read it.

"I always knew I could plain sing but I had not realized that it was groovy and within the realm of something that could be respected and totally honest an endeavour. I thought if you liked what you were doing, if you didn't go through a process of application, that it wasn't

dicade, but he is reluctant to give them to other artists until he has recorded them and the recording goes slowly. In the past he has been plagued by illness and assorted troubles, but the tour and his change of labels seem to signal an acceleration of his career for the jazz-folk-country-blues-pop singer who does such a nice job in interpreting Bobby Darin's song. □pete johnson

**"If I Were A Carpenter"

©copyright 1966 by Faithful Virtue Music Co., Inc.

**"Misty Roses"

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Coming Down From The Clouds



DONOVAN

There were some beautiful sights to behold at the BBC TV Centre recently, when Donovan was guesting on one of Bobbie Gentry's shows. Down in dressing room 217 it was, I discovered, "bath-time," and Don's good friend, Gip, was leaping about naked with his hair a mass of soap suds, extolling the virtues of the shampoo provided by the make-up department.

Meanwhile, on set, there was Bobbie

whispering a song called "Morning Glory" dressed in a pretty nightgown (both beautiful and the nicest kind of sight) and floating about under yards of hanging lace drapes.

This particular song, which she wrote for the Delta Sweet album, has been haunting me for weeks since I first heard it and it was nice to see Don make a special point of congratulating her upon the composition.

Following Don's duet with Bobbie on "First There Is A Mountain" and another number of her own, "Bugs," we retired to the dressing room where Gip - fresh as a mountain spring - was given a beginners lesson on guitar by Don.

He proved an earnest pupil and worked laboriously at the chord sequence while the wandering minstrel and I tossed a few words about. "'Hurdy Gurdy Man,' was originally written for a Danish group



by that name," Don told me. "There is a friend of mine in the group — Mac Macleod — whom I looked to in the early days to learn how to pick the guitar.

"I wrote the song especially for them but then we got into a disagreement over how it was to be produced. I wanted to do it one way and they another.

"So I said, 'Right then - I'll do it myself because I think it's good enough for a single.'

"So I did it. And it's out." And doing very nicely, thank you.

We had a brief respite here as Gip insisted we listen to his progress on the guitar. He hit a bum note and ap-

plied himself to emulations of Django Rheinhardt with a few old Gipsy curses.

"My idea of a Hurdy Gurdy Man was someone who turns the handle.....someone calling people out of a dark age into a good one," said Don.

"I believe we are in a dark age now but soon (not too soon, it may be in a couple of hundred years) the ignorance and silliness of this age will disappear."

Gip hit another thrashing dischord on the guitar and bashed the face of the instrument with the palm of his hand in exasperation, and then grinned sheepishly at Don upon realizing whose guitar it was.

And so to cabbages and kings and

Maharishis. Was Don a party to the Beatles sudden turnabout on transcendental meditation?

"I knew about the same time as the Beatles that it would be better if we didn't stay there and do that. Everyone liked it for a while and then they got fed up. Everyone's entitled to a change."

Was there a particular thing which brought about the change of heart?

"It's like you try something and you like the taste of it to begin with and then you don't like it anymore. We are young and we all make mistakes."

When I had spoken to Don previously about the Maharishi he had given me the impression that although he liked

him he was not a confirmed meditator—true?

"I could never really do it — I was always calling the others swots. I was the bad boy in the school along with one other person. It had to come to this reality because the philosophy was too demanding.

"Everyone was too concerned with living. The philosophy of life is life itself!

"The meaning of life for me is just being alive and enjoying yourself. Simple things. I think the trouble was that everyone was looking for a superman - someone who would stand up and sparks would fly from his fingertips. There is no one like that. We find our God within ourselves."

Don is obviously very much more down to earth again now - and as a very pro-Donovan person I can only say how 'happy I yam' to see it.

Donovan the psychedelic-flower-child was only a figment of the imagination - a dream long gone. Soon I shall find myself back in the London pub swapping hats with the folk singer over a pint of ale.

Among the more immediate plans are a return to America where he hopes to do a whirlwind tour of some big cities and a TV series - with the enterprising Stanley Dorfmann - of some six shows.

"I also want to do a big festival of pop music in somewhere like the Albert Hall with the artists playing and singing their own songs," said Don.

"People like Graham Nash and John Sebastian have already pledged their support and I want to include others like Ray Davies, the Incredible String Band and maybe some of the Beatles."

Finally I thought it might be interesting to find out how a peaceful and non-violent person reacted to the tragic death of someone like Senator Robert Kennedy.

"It is a tragic thing when someone is killed like that, but it is just as tragic that anyone should be murdered. He was another good man.

"This kind of thing won't stop in America while they allow people to carry guns. There have always been good men and bad men and crazy men and if you let them get their hands on a gun you know what the chances are.

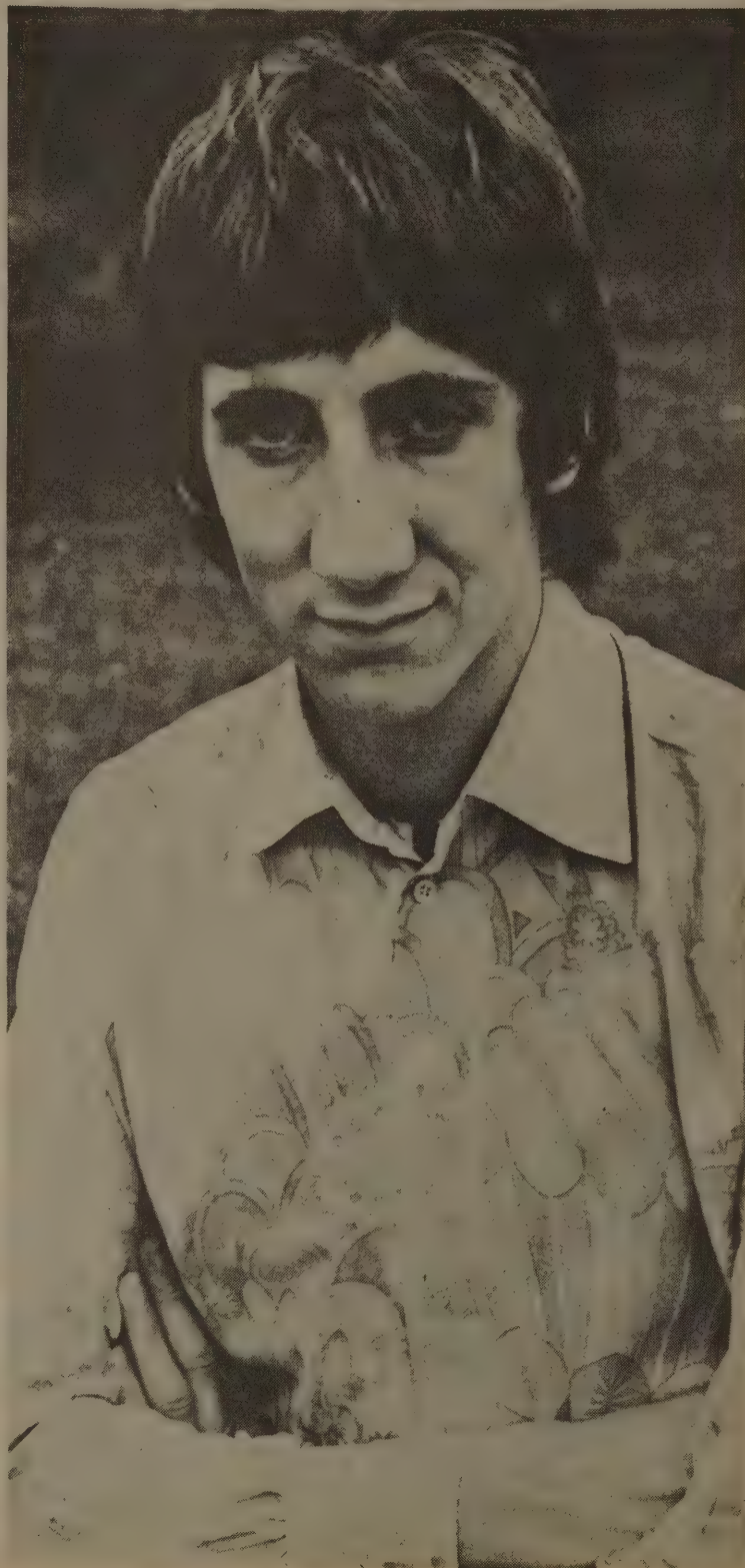
"We are just as guilty of the murders committed here as the Americans and it does no good to point an accusing finger.

"It can only stop when people are made to realize that they kill themselves by killing others. When they realize what the good life is."

And, so say, our minstrel painted some pretty pictures on his white plimsoles for the TV show and Gip, whose finger never left his hand, applied himself once more to becoming a guitarist.

Life goes on. □ Keith Altham





England swings, but so does America—especially with The Who touring the country, smashing guitars, and livening up the place with a deluge of pranks and amusing patter.

Back home in London, Peter Townshend indulged in a bit of nostalgia about The Who's triumphant tour of the New World. Any similarities to the following and "The Wild Ride of Mr. Toad" are purely coincidental:

"After playing Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco, we went directly to Vancouver in Canada. The trip was made by coach and took three days. The bus, however, is one we hire ourselves and is fitted with beds and all modern conveniences—like beer and Scotch and comics and numerous back copies of "Playboy" to help us while away the hours.

"Luckily heaven and Kit Lambert (Who co-manager) intervened and arranged a week's press and recording work in Los Angeles. We have lots of friends in L.A. and heard that the Cream, Animals and Ritchie Havens were playing at various night spots in town.

"Unfortunately, we proved to be so busy that there was little time to get to see any of them.

"We made vague contact via friends. I did bump into Vic Briggs of the Animals at Ritchie's press opening at The Troubadour (I was too late to see Ritchie play). Keith also bumped into him at the Whiskey A-Go-Go, but that's another story!

"When in Los Angeles we normally stay at the Beverly Hills Hilton Hotel. This time, owing to reduced finances (Decca Records was footing the bill), we stayed somewhere more modest. Lucky for Decca!

"Last time we stayed at the Hilton the bill was \$1,500 for a few days. Pop goes the weasel!

"Our first job was to finish our latest record, "Call Me Lightning." We recorded a trial tape in England and finished it in Gold Star recording studios in Hollywood.

"They have an echo chamber there which must be the cleanest, deepest sounding in the world—like Grand Canyon or something.

"It has been used by Phil Spector on many of his productions. Most of the Righteous Brothers hits, "River Deep Mountain High," and much early Chiffons work is recognizable for its deep resounding reverberation.

"Our second recording project in Los Angeles was the recording of a song called "Little Billy." This is a jingle, similar to "Odorono" on our last album.

"It is planned for use by the American Cancer Society on U.S. radio stations. The song dissuades youngsters from taking up smoking, and if it does

THE WHO *See America*



well it could be released on a future album or single.

"In order to amuse ourselves and get our "boats" on celluloid into the bargain we decided to make a funny film. It was meant to be something like the plug we did for "Happy Jack," everyone playing robbers.

"We found an old deserted warehouse in Hollywood and overcame resistance from the officious watchman by putting money in his hand.

"It looked very much like the factory used in the closing scenes of "The Ipcress File." Subsequently our funny film turned out rather macabre.

"Next on the menu was Decca Records press reception for us at the lush, expensive, fabulous, overwhelming Beverly Hills Hilton.

"Decca never let us forget it.

"Next door to us was another absurd get-together. A party of "Shriners" were celebrating something (they are similar to England's Freemasons), and were

all wearing red turbans.

"As we walked through, one of them said: "Keep America beautiful-cut your hair." We suggested America would benefit in beauty if they took off their stupid hats. Oh dear. Trouble.

"Actually, after a few beers they were very much like anyone else. Drunk.

"Our reception was a success. If only for the fact that all the Who arrived!

Our stateside publicist Henry Rogers took us to the Factory. It really is an amazing discotheque. It was, as the names implies, a factory. It's huge inside, covering over the size of an average British dance hall. It still uses the old freight lift, and chandeliers hang from the girded ceiling.

And I shall leave you at this point, hanging from the chandeliers hanging from the girded ceiling, because I could go on and on, and anyway it's so much more dramatic this way." □ diane gardiner



granny's gossip

Got any questions about the stars? Write to: GRANNY,
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The pop scene is like a game of musical chairs. *Mike Bloomfield* of the *Electric Flag* returned to Chicago to nurse his ulcer. *Buddy Miles* is possibly the new *Flag* leader but it's rumored that he and bassist *Harvey Brooks* will split to form their own group. More group changes later on. . . . *Jimi Hendrix* has bought *Generation*, a new Greenwich Village Club that, despite the many top stars featured, folded in just two months. *Hendrix* plans to turn the club into a recording studio and a place for jam sessions. On a recent visit to New York, *Hendrix* sat in with the *Electric Flag* at the Fillmore East and worked on an album with *Traffic*. *Jimi's* motto seems to be Have Guitar Will Jam. . . . You're probably wondering why I offered congratulations to *Paul* and *Jane* a short time ago. As far as I know, there's no real reason for congratulations now, but if there ever is, I just wanted to be the first to offer it. . . . And now a fashion note for all the copycats: *Jim Morrison* is wearing his hair several inches shorter. . . . *The Seventh Sons*, the most sub-terranean of New York's genuine underground groups, may finally make it. We've been following their slow, painful evolution since the summer of 1965 when they appeared opposite the *Lovin' Spoonful* at the Night Owl and created a sensation at the Cafe Au Go Go as the first group to play ragas. *The Seventh Sons*, originally organized as the back-up group for folk singer *Fred Neil*, featured *Buzz Linhart* on vibes, *Serge Katzen* on drums and *Steve DeNaut* on bass. In the present line-up, *Buzz* plays guitar and sings, *Serge* plays drums and the new bass player is *James Rock*. They've recorded an LP, available on the ESP label. Listen to it. . . . *Mick Jagger* bought a \$120,000 home in Chelsea. . . . *Sly Stone* of *Sly & The Family Stone*, is producing a unique, very original boy-girl duo, *The Spaulding Wood Affair*. . . . *Bob Dylan* has built himself into a legend partially by surrounding himself in mystery. Now his back-up band is hoping for similar results. The "publicity campaign" for their first Capitol album, titled "Sounds From Big Pink" is a complete information blackout. Their manager's office, *Albert Grossman Management*, who also handle *Dylan*, will reveal nothing about the group, not even their names. In fact the group itself will have no name. The group is the *Crackers*, formerly the *Hawks*. They're originally from Canada, where lead guitarist *Robby Robertson* is still greatly admired and imitated. They've played with *Dylan* in concert for several years, but until now, they've never been recorded with him. *Dylan* is supposed to be on the album somewhere, but his specific contribution is part of the mystery. The rest of the band is *Rick Danko* on bass, *Levon Helm* on drums and maybe *Richard Manuel* and *Garth Hudson*. The album was produced by *John Simon*, a former Columbia producer who's made albums with *Blood, Sweat & Tears*, *Big Brother & The Holding Co.*, *Leonard Cohen* and many others. The last time I saw John he said he'd just bought a farm and he was retiring from the music business.

Mick Jagger will star in "The Performers," a wide-screen color film about a pop musician who is "a drop-out from the social stream of contemporary life" until he meets a vicious gangster. *Jagger* makes his dramatic debut as the pop star and *James Fox*, his best friend, will play the gangster. *Jagger* will write the soundtrack music and sing one song. Filming began in London during the summer. . . . Bassist, guitarist, sitarist, songwriter and boy wonder, *Dave Mason*, who left *Traffic* for six months, sat in with them during a concert at Fillmore East in New York and decided to rejoin the group again. Although *Mason* received no credit on the *Traffic* album cover, he played on all tracks. By the way, if you haven't bought *Traffic's* "Mr. Fantasy" album yet, you must do so immediately. . . . *Mason* is also on the latest *Rolling Stones* album, produced by *Jimmy Miller*, who also records *Traffic*. The new *Stones* album contains almost a full hour of music. . . . *Jimi Hendrix* jammed with ex-Yardbird *Jeff Beck* at the Daytop benefit concert in New York. *Jeff's* new group is great. . . . The new vocalist in *Blood, Sweat & Tears* is *David Clayton*, described as the white *Ray Charles* of Canada. *Clayton* also plays guitar. *Steve Katz*, *Jim Fielder* and *Bobby Colomby* remain on guitar, bass and drums. Trombonist *Dick Halligan* is now playing organ. *Fred Lipsius*, the alto saxophonist is writing the arrangements. Two trumpet players and a trombonist complete the group which introduced their new line-up at the Cafe Au Go Go. . . . The Copacabana in New York should be re-named Motown East. During the summer, *Martha & The Vandellas*, *the Temptations*, *Supremes*, and *Gladys Knight and the Pips* appeared there. . . .

Jimmy Page has retained the *Yardbirds* name. He'll continue the group with bassist *Chris Dreja* and two new members. There are now at least five famous former *Yardbirds*, which must be some sort of record. Alumni include *Eric Clapton*, *Jeff Beck*, *Paul Samwell-Smith*, *Keith Relf* and *Jim McCarty*. They ought to have annual reunions or get together to form a new group called Son Of *Yardbirds*. . . . By the way, the new *Jimmy Page* version of the *Yardbirds* will be in America in October. . . . *Aretha Franklin*, *The Rascals*, *Sam & Dave*, *Joe Tex*, *Sonny & Cher* and *King Curtis* and the *Kingpins* got together in Madison Square Garden for a Martin Luther King Memorial Fund benefit sponsored by Atlantic Records and the National Association of Radio and Television Announcers. . . . *The Box Tops* were the first blue-eyed soul group invited to perform in the annual benefit concert sponsored by R&B radio station WDIA in Memphis. . . . *Jim Morrison* may star in the movie version of the current Broadway musical "Hair". . . . the *Cream* are more popular here than they are in England. Although they've never had a hit single, their concerts are always sold out. *Cream's* second album was a million seller. . . . *Eric Clapton* sat in with the *Mothers* at a Shrine Auditorium concert in Los Angeles. . . . *Donovan*

and his manager have split. Don's dad is in charge now...European television coverage of pop music is generally superior in scope and accomplishment to anything done in this country. Consider these: *The Bee Gees* filmed a 60-minute TV special in Paris; they've been signed to write all the music for a 13-week Swedish TV series; and they've been included in a 3-hour documentary on the 1960's. A revolutionary half hour pop series is being broadcast in France, Scandinavia, Holland, Finland, Czechoslovakia and Poland. The first show starred the *Jimi Hendrix Experience*. In Britain, *the Who* begin their series, titled "My Generation," this autumn. *The Beatles*, *Hendrix*, *Cream*, *Donovan*, *Who*, *Pink Floyd*, *Manfred Mann* and *Animals* star in a 60-minute documentary filmed in England. Girl singers in Britain, including *Dusty Springfield*, *Lulu*, *Cilla Black* and *Sandie Shaw*, have starred in their own TV series. Outside of a few summer replacement shows and several programs on educational networks, American recording artists haven't received the kind of TV exposure they deserve....



Clear Light



Bartholomew Cubbins

Simon & Garfunkel received their sixth gold record for "Mrs. Robinson." In 1967, "Sounds Of Silence" became their first Gold Record single. Four of their Columbia LP's, including "Bookends," "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary & Thyme," "Sounds Of Silence" and the soundtrack of "The Graduate," exceeded one million dollars in sales. All four albums were in the Top Ten of the album charts and the duo's first LP, "Wednesday Morning 3 A.M." returned to the charts after a year-long absence...*Supremes'* Mary Wilson and *Cindy Birdsong* vacationed in London...The Magic word with concert promoters this year is "festival." Anyone who presents more than one concert calls it a festival. *The New York Rock Festival* began with three concerts (*Doors* and *Who*; *Hendrix*; *Rascals*). The *Schaefer Music Festival* in Central Park, with 63 concerts scheduled, is one of the few series that can justify calling itself a Festival. Artists signed include the *Mothers*, *Moby Grape*, *Mitch Ryder*, *Muddy Waters*, *Ray Charles*, *Who*, *Butterfield Band*, *Tim Buckley*, *B.B. King*, *Duke Ellington*, *Count Basie*, *Country Joe & Fish*, *Little Richard*, *Fats Domino*, *Ali Akbar Khan*, *Fifth Dimension* and dozens more. Admission is just \$1.....Brilliant jazz guitarist *Wes Montgomery* died of a heart attack at age 45....*Frank Zappa* bought the mansion of old movie cowboy *Tom Mix*. Included is a large log cabin with Tom's horse buried underneath. *Zappa* claims that no one appreciates the *Mothers*. He wants to change their name to *Reuben & The Jets* and play greasy 1950's rock and roll. Frank's "Lumpy Gravy" album is great....*Pete Townshend* of the *Who* got married...Six rock and roll groups broke up this week. I'll tell you all about it someday.

George Harrison and *Ringo Starr* paid a visit to *Peter Tork* to relax at his beautiful new home in Laurel Canyon and swim in the pool...*David Crosby* is preparing to record as a solo with several beautiful songs he wrote himself. At this stage he will be producing himself and is negotiating with several labels...*Neil Young*, formerly of the *Buffalo Springfield* which broke up is also preparing an act as a single...*Leonard Cohen* and *Joni Mitchell* are a couple for a while in spite of the fact that they will have to be apart a great deal in the coming months...The *Clear Light* will be breaking up and re-assembling as a new group, name undetermined, with 9 pieces, a girl lead singer and a big band sound...The *Electric Flag* are recording now, in L.A. and several of the *Jefferson Airplane* came down from San Francisco to watch the sessions...*Tim Buckley* will be starting a film in about a month which will be interpretations of his music. There will be no script, mostly improvisations and dancing and 'fantasy scenes.' He has written music for an MGM film and the Stratford (Conn.) Shakespeare festival...The name of the new *Big Brother and the Holding Company* album on Columbia, their first, for that label will be 'Cheap Thrills,' edited down from 'Sex, Drugs and Cheap Thrills.' The *Doors*, according to their booking agency are the highest paid act in the country, taking in \$12,000 to \$15,000 a night for concerts. Sometimes, however, they perform for as little as \$10,000. *Bobby Columby*, drummer for *Blood, Sweat & Tears* is gaining a reputation as the best stand up comic in the music business...*Bartholomew Cubbins*, backed by a blue grass-rock sound, will be coming out with "Grandfather Had His Day." Watch for it. It should be the biggest record this summer. *Frank Slay*, of *Strawberry Alarm Clock* fame, thinks so much of *Barth* that he refuses to tell what label "Grandfather" will be on... □

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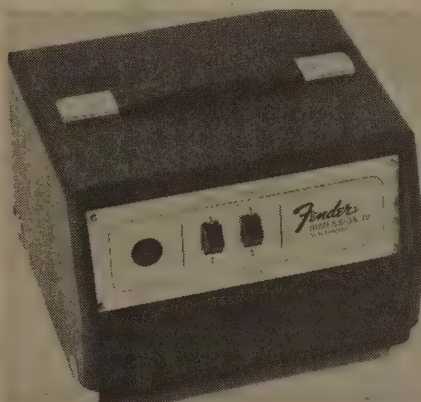
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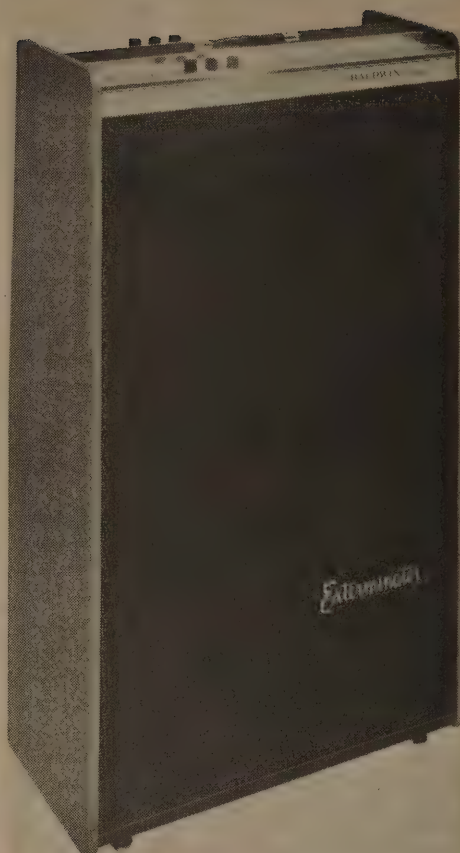
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two new Rogers Drum outfits. Because of the involved production process, Wildwood outfits are available on a 'limited edition' basis only.

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of the musician who wants high power output plus good tone is the new Baldwin Bass Exterminator. The Bass Exterminator, Model BE-1, has been developed by Baldwin Piano & Organ Company's Musical Instrument Division to match in performance and appearance the highly successful Baldwin Exterminator amplifier.

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The Model BE-1 is a completely transistorized two-channel amplifier. It has separate volume, bass and treble controls on each channel and four inputs. It measures 28 inches wide, 14 inches deep, and 48½ inches high and weighs 115 pounds.

Suggested retail price for the new Baldwin Bass Exterminator is \$875.00.

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A new cartridge type FM Tuner is now being marketed by Stereo-Magic. This universal Tuner converts any 4 or 8 track stereo tape player into an FM

radio. To operate, simply insert the FM cartridge in the tape slot, and tune for the station desired with the recessed control knob. Operation is instantaneous, and reception is strong and clear thanks to the small but powerful solid state circuits. The Stereo-Magic FM Cartridge Tuner sells for only \$39.95.

The Stereo-Magic FM Tuner uses a "C" type rod antenna and antenna connector, which is included in the shaped foam package. It measures just 6½" X 4" X 7/8" and weighs only ¼lb. The miniaturized transistor circuit is powered by 8 transistors and 3 diodes.

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Pictures.

(continued from page 35)

I like to think that a Worst Song of the Month is not inevitable; but this month it seems necessary to mention in that category "Angel of the Morning" by Merilee Rush; not for the production values—I liked that steel guitar—but, jaded as I am, it still pains me to hear a girl of tender years speaking so coarsely. I don't like the way Miss Rush pronounces the word "angel." Anyhow, the lyrics of the song combine cynicism, cheap sentimentality and apathetic fatalism in the worst possible way; we may not be able to alter the circumstances of our birth or death, but there are a lot of important decisions in between over which we may exercise control, if we will. In "Angel of the Morning," Merilee Rush says, "I see no reason to take me home..." The young lady should take herself home! She should call a cab or, if necessary, walk—and be glad she has a home to go to.

John Fred is very much in the Billy Joe Royal hillbilly manner. There is a similarity in Fred's work to Royal's amusing "Campfire Girls" of two years ago (written by Fred Weller.) John Fred's great charm lies in his clicking, play-like, child-game rhythms, and in his odd, cheeky humor. Fred's humor is crazy, slippery, diaphanous and kind. Like the Cowbills brothers—even more, perhaps—he is still natural, still free from artifice and from the exaggerated "simplism" of some who call themselves naturals.

The over-all feeling that emerges from the productions of John Fred and the Playboy Band, and from the lyrics of John Fred and A. Bernard reminds me in whimsy, enthusiasm and vitality of Pete Townshend and the Who. "We Played Games," is not a comic song like "Judy in Disguise" or the earlier "Agnes English," and the words seem to borrow a little from the Beatles, but the rhythm and note combinations are more ingenious and lifelike than ever; it sounds something like being pushed on a swing whose chains creak slightly, regularly; the thrust of the push is deliberate with the accent very heavy on every third beat; on the seventh group of three, you can hear the child's feet dragging the ground to slow the swing. This is, to me, true sophistication; nobody installed a swingset in the studio or took the recording equipment to a playground.

Donovan's "Hurdy-Gurdy Man" is partly another attempt to dish up Eastern sounds in a Western package. Donovan uses the popular distorted-amplifier guitar sound of the Cream, Jimi Hendrix, the Who, the Yardbirds and other less-known groups. He has taken a song that is relatively "true" to the East Indian music ethic, almost as self-consciously so as George Harrison's songs, but unlike Harrison, he has used "impure" electric techniques and instruments to interpret it. A lot of the young listeners must feel as I do—not aurally comfortable with the Other Scale; but Donovan has used the kind of instrumenta-



Scott McKenzie



Donovan

tion that they have come to associate with the current expression of sensuality (Hendrix) and brought it together with a mood of spirituality; this reminds me a little of what he did with "Mellow Yellow" — taking the "salvation army" sound then made popular by Bob Dylan in "Rainy Day Women," and by others, and transforming the raucousness to his own gentle Donovan mood.

It is quite possible that "Mellow Yellow" and most of the music Donovan has done since then are fashioned for no other purpose than to entertain and to convey good spirits. (It is hard to find a genuinely, unrelievedly depressed song in his work.) But with "Hurdy-Gurdy Man," the composer turns slightly in the direction of his early — and clumsily written — "message" pieces like "Belated Forgiveness Plea" and "The Ballad of the Crystal Man," to name two of the worst. As an expository apologist, Donovan has improved since then. Perhaps he learned something from the criticisms of his Tinkerbell-like anti-drug sermon written on the jacket of "A Gift from a Flower to a Garden." In any case, his current be- guilement toward soul-upliftment is subtle enough and shows enough breezy unceremoniousness toward its subject, that it may please even the perverse cynics who refuse to be moved by the Little Father of Mass Meditation. Donovan, ever cool in his enthusiasms, always with an eye on how to make a buck in a good cause, may even have gotten his idea for the song from Malcolm Muggeridge's widely quoted remarks about the famous Transcendentalist. Notice how much better this succeeds than "Holy Man," the loser written for Scott McKenzie by John Phillips; the reason is that Phillips, even though often good at catching and combining moods of timeliness, is neither cool enough nor convincing enough as a convert; the tinny quality of "Holy Man" can't be concealed even by McKenzie's glossy voice.

Phillips operates admirably, though, when he sticks to his own turf; "Safe in My Garden" succeeds in its way as well as Hurdy-Gurdy Man." The Mamas and the Papas have a well-staked claim in the area of just where the group stands in relation to the current musical trends; "Youthquake" is all over now but the shouting; however, there is still plenty of that going on, and John Phillips is right there to write Mozart-like chamber music about it, and the Mamas and the Papas are on the scene ("...with a bottle in each hand...") to sing mini-oratorios around it. And if they are just a little behind it all, the Mamas and the Papas always trail along impeccably; "Safe in My Garden" with its handsome, impressionistic facsimile street language and delicate musical symmetry, works beautifully. The entire album from which it comes is in good taste to the point of being ridiculous, slightly gauche, but never vulgar, par-faits of brittle amusements. The Mamas and the Papas are always dashing and sail along with blithe sadness, depressed gallantry, and constant awareness of the ridiculousness of the human race, and their own place (as they seem to see themselves) representing it microcosmically. How fitting that Michele with her little-girl look of Alice elongated after the Drink-me, should satirize her image within the group and her own waiflike singing in an old Shirley Temple song, with a voice that seems always about to break but never quite does. Fully as effective is Cass Eliot, sounding like a parody of Judy Garland circa-1943, dripping cream and honey on "Dream a Little Dream of Me." "Mansions" had an interesting quality of spontaneity, with the group pacing the floor of fame in disillusion, but never in self-pity. I can't imagine what they will do without the cozy voice of Cass Eliot to wrap them around. The Eliot sound is like raspberry syrup, but it was the closest thing to blood the Mamas and the Papas had. □

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Jimmy Page's NEW YARDBIRDS



JIMMY

Jimmy Page, the last member to join the Yardbirds, is now the group leader and at this writing was auditioning two new musicians. The old Yardbirds broke up in June after a nine-week tour of America. When he first joined the Yardbirds, Jimmy filled in for what he thought would be one job. At the time he was a studio musician. "I enjoyed the gig so much" says Jimmy, "that I wanted to join the group. I was very good friends with Jeff Beck. So they offered me a job as bass player. I played bass for about four weeks when Chris Dreja, the rhythm guitarist, took over bass and Jeff and I both played lead. Very often I would bow the guitar and play along with Jeff. Then Jeff had a run in with the guys and left the group leaving me as lead guitarist."

Jimmy always wanted to record using his bowed guitar technique but their producer wouldn't let them experiment.



HP: What happened to your singles market?

Jim: That was our producer too. We had done "Happenings Ten Years Time Ago," on our own and then our manager decided to turn us over to a producer. We thought it was a great idea because the producer just had tremendous success with "Sunshine Superman." We had tremendous confidence in him. So we did "Little Games" and it didn't do very well, but that was all right. It was a reasonable number to do. Then he gave us "Ha Ha Said The Clown" which we didn't like, but we still had confidence in him. Over a period of time, his ideas started to kill us off. Now we're going to do our own records. On the B sides he just put blues cuts from our albums and I knew something was wrong because the radio stations were playing the B sides. Another thing that bugged us about this producer was he never once came to see us perform live. He had recorded us for two years and never once came to see us. If we were a good

selling commodity, you'd think he'd come and join us just once to see what we were like on stage.

HP: What sort of stuff were you playing before the group disbanded?

Jim: The longest number we did was "I'm A Man" because people could associate with it. We played it for ten or fifteen minutes. We even did some classical things like the "1812 Overture." I'd play my guitar with a violin bow. It sounded like a cello. I actually started doing that two years ago. It took a while to master that but I can do it by holding the guitar the same way and I bow with a cross angle.

HP: What's the story on your new Yardbirds?

Jim: Keith and Jim got tired of this music and they left to do something more quiet, sort of a Simon and Garfunkel type thing. I'm going back to England and get some new guys together. We'll still be called the Yardbirds. I want a lead singer who can play keyboard and a drummer. I already have them in mind but now we have to jam.

HP: You aren't interested in a trio?
Jim: Definitely not. That's overplayed now. As much as I love guitar, I'd like to have a keyboard instrument.

HP: Do you have a new producer yet?

Jim: We'll be doing our own from now on. If a guy has written a song, he's in a better position to know how it should be produced.

HP: Will you get a chance to play more guitar now on records?

Jim: Yes. The guitar will be the main thing. But, this keyboard instrument I want is a melotron which can produce any kind of sound. It looks like an organ but you press a button for violins and you play the keyboard and it sounds like a whole violin section. You can play trumpets or cellos or anything on it. That will be the lead instrument with the guitar.

HP: Will you have any radical change in the established Yardbirds sound?

Jim: We'll still be doing rock and roll because we're associated with that. There's no sense in ruining the audience we have already. I do want to get a new collage of sounds on top. As soon as I get back to England, we'll hole up for three weeks and just play everyday until it's working right.

HP: You must have lots of new songs?

Jim: Yes. I've done a lot of things myself and there were lots of things the old Yardbirds didn't get a chance to record. My things are mainly beat songs but they're quite different. It's closer to the old style of rock and roll. I also have some things for acoustic guitars.

HP: What's Jeff Beck doing now?

Jim: He still has his own group and he feels he's good enough to play America. In fact, he was preparing for an American tour. He'll be doing colleges and clubs.

HP: What's the unusual device you use on your guitar?

Jim: It's called a tone bender. I had somebody custommake it for me and I get 75% of my sound with it. It's very similar to a fuzz-box, but I can sustain notes for several minutes if I want to. It just has an on and off switch and it also has a fuzzy sound. It's not manufactured at all. A friend of mine made it by hand for me. (Ed note: guitarists interested in buying the "Jimmy Page Tonebender" may write to Gary Hurst, Macaris Musical Exchange, 100 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2, England. the price is around \$35.00).

HP: Last time I spoke with you, you said that once you had made enough money you were going to buy a huge home way out in the country. Did that happen yet?

Jim: I didn't get a huge home but I got a boathouse that's 150 years old. It's very big with six bedrooms. It has three stories and there are boats downstairs. It's out in the

country right on the Thames River. I own a launch but I can't drive it very fast on my part of the river.

HP: How long will it take to get your new group in shape for public appearances?

Jim: We already have American bookings for October so they have to be fulfilled. By the time we come over I hope to have a new album out with our own sound so that we can capitalize on it. But we'll do a little bit of old Yardbirds too.

HP: Why do British recordings have such a poor drum sound?

Jim: Yes they do, don't they. The engineers aren't very good. I can't explain it. As soon as I hear a playback in a studio, the drums sound bad but in America it always sounds good. There was one engineer named Eddie Kramer who worked with the Beatles, Stones, Traffic and Hendrix but he's quit England to work in America. I don't blame him. I never really liked English amplifiers either. Just now they've started to catch up. I think that relates to the drum sound too.

HP: What equipment do you use now?

Jim: I have Vox and Fender amplifiers. The Fender is very good. The Vox is good for distortion and I still use a Fender Telecaster guitar.

HP: Has your selection of favorite records changed? (See My Favorite Records HP, April, 1967).

Jim: No. I haven't heard anything since then that has affected me deeply.

HP: Not even "Sgt. Pepper" or "Mr. Fantasy?"

Jim: No. Pop music is just a combination of what's come before. It's a computerized thing. You take different bits from here and there and join them up.

HP: Are there any groups that knock you out now?

Jim: I've always liked the Byrds. They have consistently good product. I'm always interested in the next Beatle record. It's always a surprise.

HP: Anything new going on in England?

Jim: Hendrix is still tops and then the Cream, Traffic and Who are still up there. It's much the same. There's something new in England but I don't know if it will be big. Burt Jansch has formed a group called Pentangle with a guitarist equally as good as Jansch, a girl who plays recorder and oboe, then bass and drums. That's a completely different sound. They use acoustic guitars. The Incredible String Band is big in the underground. That stuff knocks me out. I'd like to see it get big.

HP: Rock and roll was born and bred in America. Why did the Beatles, a British group, rather than an American group take rock and progress toward an art form?

Jim: I think the Beach Boys tried to do it first. I think there were lots of Beach Boy things on the "Revolver" album. Especially, the vocal harmony. Wilson really said a lot in his "Pet Sounds" album. The Beatles hung on to the orchestration more than the Beach Boys did. Wilson never really followed up "Pet Sounds." He sort of went into voices more.

HP: Are you interested in that sort of large production on records?

Jim: Yes, it's fantastic to have an orchestra under your control and have them make the sounds you hear in your head. That won't happen for a while though. There's still much to be done with the guitar. I'd like to bring the guitar into a new level. In the movie "2001," especially in the space scenes, there was fantastic music done with voices - strange harmony. You could actually say it was an orchestra of human voices. I'd love to attempt that with my group. ☐ jim delehant

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IAN AND SYLVIA

The Country In Their Soul



"A long time ago we were playing in Oklahoma City," Ian said as he gulped another cup of coffee. "We were billed the same way we had been all across the nation, but something funny happen-

ed that night — the more Country music we played for the crowd the less they seemed to like us."

That could be natural, because some people just don't dig Country music.

"But all of our music is Country music," Ian continued. "That's the only type of music we've played - mountain music. I guess we use a few more chords and a few more harmonics than is usual in Country music, but it's basically the same stuff."

Maybe it was that night in Oklahoma City, or maybe it came from their love of mountain music, but Ian and Sylvia are dedicated Country artists. If they play before a crowd that is impartial to Country music, then they work harder to help the people enjoy the music they're playing. Ian and Sylvia are Country musicians from their musical births - they live it and play it and nourish it with their unlimited talents.

"We had our apprenticeship in mountain music," Sylvia said as she smiled and rested a moment from her packing. "We sing a somewhat more complicated form now - with a few more variations in time, while keeping the rhythm pretty constant. We write most of our own stuff (eight of 11 on this new album) and work out some variations on older mountain pieces."

Ian and Sylvia had just cut their last album for Vanguard Records in Nashville, and were getting ready to leave for their home in Toronto, Canada.

"This is the eighth album we've cut, and it's by far our best," Ian said. "We'll be cutting another album for MGM soon, and we're not going anywhere but Nashville."

Ian sat on the edge of his chair and wrinkled his eyes a moment. "Musicians don't get in each other's way here. They seem to retain their own interpretation of a song while being completely integrated. All through our recording careers we've been looking for Country musicians with a sense for all types of music - and the ability to play it well. We never thought we could find them - but here they are - right here in Nashville."

The fiddlers amazed them. Jerry Reed and Fred Carter on guitar amazed them. The engineers and producers amazed them. And Pete Drake on the steel amazed them. "First time I've ever really liked steel," Ian said. "I liked that 'Baroque Steel' sound."

Ian and Sylvia are going home now - to their son Clay, and to a few Canadian dates that their manager Al Grossman arranged for them. Country Music is big up there, and a lot of our Country music found its birth in Canada. Buck Owens and Johnny Cash are real Canadian heroes, and Ian and Sylvia find Canada a comfortable home for their mountain music.

The people in Nashville are glad to have these two comfortable people around, and Country music can find many more ears and hearts thanks to their search for mountain music perfection. □ wilyam grein



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JULIE DRISCOLL & BRIAN AUGER- THE TRINITY

Without a doubt the most explosive appearance on the popular music scene for Britishers are the Brian Auger Trinity and the greatest audio-visual aid to imagination since childhood - Julie Driscoll. She is destined to become the feminine fashion cult of '68 by dint of her original beauty and refreshing personality.

It is to be hoped that her awesome image will not overshadow her own vocal ability, which is considerable, or dim the musical potential of a group which, Auger claims, could only be followed by something like Chuck Berry and the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, Jimi Hendrix and the Cyril Stapleton Experience, or Princess Margaret and the Vandellas.

On stage at the Elstree film studios recently, where they were shooting an insert for a TV series, Jools (as Julie is called) was weaving her own personal mystique as organist Auger played musical patterns of Donovan's composition, "Season of the Witch" about her.

Her hair is a startling combination of past Harpo Marx, early Joe Brown and present Jimi Hendrix - a mass of permed curls and terrifying spikes. The

face beneath, however, is breathtakingly beautiful. She was wearing a faded blue, frilly blouse with the kind of lace and ruffs which so delicately adorned Victorian costumes, and in sharp contrast, a pair of stylish bell-bottom trousers. Around her neck she had a heavy silver pendant inset with large blood-red stone.

Her waving arm movements have a peculiar, fascinating, snake-like charm and she punctuates a song with a widening of her dark innocent eyes, or affecting a theatrical pout. There is the kind of wild excitement about her features which is the hallmark of the great Lena Horne.

"I'm not conscious of having evolved any kind of an act," she told me later. "It's just the way I feel towards music playing that makes me move that way."

Jools - a prime specimen of the London "bird" (I hope she will regard this as a compliment) - still lives in Vauxhall, where she has spent most of her life. She still uses a selection of rich Anglo-Saxon invectives for the sake of emphasis.

"When they played me the demo of 'This Wheel's On Fire,' I thought what a grotty record, what a drag - it's

x!x!x awful! It really was a terrible demo by Bob Dylan. But after some three or four plays the song began to get through to me, rather in the way some Beatles' songs do."

Jools' rise to fame has hardly been an overnight success; she claims to have been singing with her father (a trumpeter) since the age of 12 and made her debut at London's Churchill's club with her father's band at the age of 16, while pretending to be 20.

About four years ago I first met her at a Yardbirds' party. She was working for the group's fan club while waiting for the break.

At that time Giorgio Gomelsky claimed to me that this girl was a "fantastic blues singer and would one day be very big." We really should pay more attention to Giorgio: he was the first to find the Rolling Stones and the Yardbirds and now manages Jools and Auger.

"Giorgio is the guv'nor," Julie told me. "He's the only manager on the scene who is really human and cares about his artists. He's got a good head and a good mind and I wouldn't have stayed with him this long if I did not have complete faith and trust in him."

Giorgio is something of a father figure on the English pop music scene and regarded by some as a kind of combination of Rasputin and Santa Claus. He has great charm, a thick mid-European accent and is the nearest I have encountered to an intellectual among pop managers. A man to be reckoned with in the success of Julie Driscoll and the Brian Auger Trinity.

"I think we're really not noticed for our success out of the Continent," said Julie. "We released this number called 'Save Me,' which went to the top in France and is big all over the Continent. I'm so sick of that number now but it brought us to the attention of a lot of people in England."

Later "Auge" told me that he felt there was a "beat drain" towards the Continent because new groups cannot get the breaks in England.

A dedicated musician himself, he believes that the talents are there - the Family, the Moodies and Arthur Brown - but the Establishment will not give them a break in England.

"You can't get any exposure before you get in the charts and you cannot get in the charts unless you get

the exposure," protests Auge. "What kind of vicious circle is that?"

Jools is just as vocal in her criticism of the state of current pop affairs: "The whole scene in England at present is a load of old rubbish geared to one market - the mums and dads - with very few exceptions. It's just this one market getting all the attention. Everyone is so dead. They are even going back to rock and roll. The good groups are going out of the country and the new young ones are not being encouraged to progress."

"I love singers like Kiki Dee, for example, but why don't they give her the chance to do something new musically. She is such a good singer compared with me but they give her these old standard songs and nothing happens. The Beatles started something which has just not been followed through. We must start to think young again."

Meanwhile Jools is taking her newfound fame with characteristic feminine sang-froid as she tears from engagement to engagement, and sobs inwardly when make-up assistants ask her to adjust a make-up it took an hour to prepare herself.

"I'm just going quietly out of my head," she smiles. "But it's nice, isn't it?"

Reluctantly leaving Miss Driscoll to re-fix her make-up, I retired to the studio canteen with Clive, who looks like Hilton Valentine with a moustache, and Auge, who is a personable combination of Zoot Money ("my best friend") and the vociferous Steve Marriot (who also punctuates his sentences with exclamatory "Whaaats").

Brian, as he is not known to his friends, became an organist shortly after discovering the difference between Sandy McPherson and Jimmy McGriff. He is undoubtedly one of the most talented young musicians on the scene and has been regarded as "the organist" by in-pop-circles for some years.

Prior to the success of "This Wheel's On Fire," his only other claim to hit parade fame was to play organ on the Yardbird's "For Your Love" single.

He cares passionately about the apathy and apparent lack of perception by authorities to popular music.

"Let's face it, this country is politically on its 'benders' in almost every department except two," Auge declared. "The two things in which we still lead the world, where everyone pinches our

ideas and rushes to buy our products, are fashions and pop music. And yet there is still a feeling among the Establishment that we are not an industry to be taken seriously.

"I don't know exactly how much money we have brought back into the country from the Continent but it's not bad; and if you work out what the big groups have contributed to our economy it must be enormous.

"We could clean up in the world market with just a little more encouragement. Look, we've just done the Rome Festival and I know there are virtually unknown groups in the London clubs who could blow groups like Captain Beefheart and those other American units off the face of the earth."

Not enough assistance to young people trying to introduce progressive music is Brian's biggest gripe and he quoted one example of lack of perception by recounting how he recently went into a shop to buy one of the best records of the year - Lorraine Ellison's "Stay With Me Baby" - to find it had been deleted. He is appalled.

Perhaps the most important thing about the emergence of Jools and Auge is that they are both young, ambitious and care about what they are doing. And they have a manager who is older, wiser and he also cares. □ keith altham



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"B.B. King Live At The Regal" is definitely my all-time favorite. B.B. is a magnificent artist. That whole album is excellent. I also like Albert King's "Born Under A Bad Sign" album on Stax and "Rubber Soul" by the Beatles. I like lots of classical music too.

I also like an album called "Chronocromie" by Messiaen. He's got these great ideas for writing music for all time. He's got one thing on there called "The Symphony For All Time." He wants composers from every century to write an extension of it so it will go on for all time. He wants the high instruments on the tops of mountains and the bass instruments in the valleys and the other instruments should be on the middle ground all over the world. He's got a completely original concept of music. He's an ornithologist and he records bird song and orchestrates it. He doesn't use human rhythms. He calls it the rhythms of nature. Actually chronocromie is a breakdown of every conceivable instrument in nature. It's performed by a percussion and orchestral ensemble.

by Ginger Baker

One of my favorites for many years has been "Duke Ellington At Newport 1966." It's very exciting. Also the "Jazz At Massey Hall" album and Charlie Mingus. Also "Ray Charles At Newport." I have a very bad habit of listening to any kind of drummers. I love the drummer on the "Ravi Shankar at Monterey" album. My favorite albums are mostly those with good drummers.





Tom Scott Talks To Jim Delehant

Nineteen years ago in Los Angeles, California, Tom Scott was born into a musical family. He learned to play several reed instruments at an early age and was trained to be a clarinet player in a symphony orchestra, but his father gave him a Benny Goodman album and turned his head around to jazz.

At UCLA he studied under Don Ellis, a jazz trumpeter with incredible rhythmic ideas and also studied Indian classical music for a year where complicated rhythms intrigued him even more.

Now he wants to combine jazz with rock and create a new art form. But we'll let Tom tell you in his own words.

I did an album called "Honeysuckle Breeze" on Impulse with a group called the California Dreamers. I played tenor soprano and alto saxophone with the new amplified attachment for wind instruments. I enjoyed experimenting with it. We combined jazz and rock ideas.

We do "She's Leaving Home," "Never My Love," "Baby I Love You" by Aretha Franklin and a John Coltrane composition. There's also a composition by myself called "Blues For Hari" in 7/4 time. It's dedicated to an Indian musician I studied with. Glen Campbell played guitar on it along with some other L.A. musicians.

I used to be in Don Ellis' big band for a year. We had a falling out towards the end, but I love what he's doing. He'll be a big influence, especially his "Electric Bath" album on Columbia. The big advantage of amplifying horns is not for volume, of course, but you can change the tones and have more colors by fooling with the treble and bass controls. Also you can play

another octave below the note you're blowing.

I also performed on an Impulse album called "Light My Fire" with Gabor Szabo. We did several rock songs in a jazz style. Right now I'm working on arrangements for a group called Salvation. "Light My Fire" has a brass section and Gabor, Bill Plummer on sitar and myself just improvise over the arrangements.

There are quite a few groups combining jazz and rock, like Charles Lloyd and Jeremy & The Satyrs. They improvise on rock songs and use a rock and roll beat.

Don Ellis made me very aware of new time signatures like 19/4. Brubeck didn't go into it as deep as Ellis has. Ellis uses these time things with the entire orchestra and improvisation. Once I got an education from the band, I wanted to go out on my own.

I played in various small groups after Ellis, but now I'm interested in composing, arranging and writing music for films. The whole film industry has opened up to composers and the busy writers in Hollywood today are guys with jazz backgrounds.

I would love to work with Larry Coryell. He has an incredible background and all these different types of music come out in his playing. There's another guy out here called Mike Dacey who's fantastic. I'd like to get a guitarist like that.



I went into jazz because it afforded me a great creative challenge. I haven't met too many young people interested in playing jazz anymore. Jazz has so much going for it, I don't understand what people can't hear in it. Jazz is still big. It's not dying it's just going through changes and that's a healthy thing. It will merge with rock and a lot of other music. That will be the biggest musical advance that has ever happened.

Just recently I got interested in rock because it's achieving an artistic level that it's never known before. It can only get better. I'm very excited about the prospects of combining jazz and rock along with electronic music. When I did my own album, I was forced to decide on a direction. The most logical step to take in American music is to fuse all the different music that's around. □

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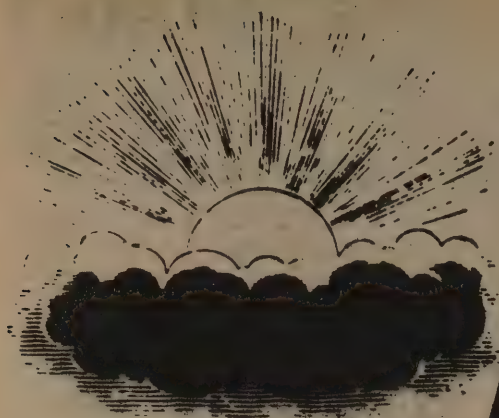
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new stars on the horizon



MERRILEE RUSH

While on a recent tour of the Northwest, Paul Revere and the Raiders' attention was drawn to a group creating quite a stir; this was Merrilee And The Turnabouts. After hearing them live, several national tours were made; Tommy Cogbill and Chips Moman, two of the hottest producers in the business, were secured to produce Merrilee And The Turnabouts' records. They have had successes with the Box Tops, Sandy Posey, Joe Tex, Wilson Pickett, Bobby Womach, King Curtis, and many more, so this association is considered to be invaluable; Next a record contract with Bell Records was arranged.

Being recognized as one of the very best performing groups on stage is only part of their dynamic appeal, they have now emerged as one of the best recording artists in the business, with "Angel Of The Morning."

Now Paul Revere and the Raiders would like

to introduce you to the fastest rising groups in the entertainment field today - Merrilee And The Turnabouts.

Merrilee, the dark-haired female around whom the Turnabouts revolve, plays an expert organ and dances and sings with a vitality you would have to witness to believe. Appearance and individuality are important factors in her entertaining, and she has therefore grown her hair to waist-length. Between her and her seamstress, they have come up with some very unique costumes. . . . Musically, Merrilee has had ten years' classical piano background and writes songs when time will permit. Aside from music, Merrilee loves horseback riding and is a devoted animal lover. She owns an Old English Sheepdog, three cats, a Mynah bird with an extensive vocabulary and a parrot named Barney.



FRIEND AND LOVER

Jimmie and Cathy Post are Friend and Lover, - two examples of today's love generation. Cathy was a dancer in a chorus line, Jimmie the lead singer in a small group called the Rum Runners. They met in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada at a State Fair, fell in love, went to Joliet, Illinois and married on August 13, 1964, exactly one month after they met.

Cathy and Jimmie then set out together playing their first date at the Atlanta Playboy Club and a few concert dates with the Buckingham. It was at the Earl of Old Town in Chicago, however, that their talents started getting rave reviews.

An independent record producer came across a tape prepared by Cathy and Jimmie and saw commercial possibilities in the couple. The producer recorded their first song, "Reach Out In The Darkness," and it was later released on the Verve label.

Jimmie writes all his own songs and as Cathy states, "He's written over 75 songs and I love to sing every one of them. He likes to give me credit for a lot of his material, but I only figure out some of the phrasing. He's really the one that deserves all the credit."

But when it comes to performing you can credit both Cathy and Jimmie for a dynamic show. Cathy appears happy on stage, always smiling, and apparently enjoying herself. "I enjoy myself and enjoy smiling and I love when people smile back." Boy do they have fun.



THE BOX TOPS

The Box Tops were overnight sensations, but then who isn't. Five boys who had been members of local groups working in and around Memphis suddenly found themselves successful recording stars with "The Letter," an international four million seller that was the Number One record in 1967.

But unlike most overnight sensations, of course, the Box Tops have proven themselves by coming up with three more solid hits, "Neon Rainbow," "Cry Like A Baby" and "Choo Choo Train," and two best-selling albums, *The Letter* and *Cry Like A Baby*, all on Bell Records. Lead singer Alex Chilton, 18 bassist Bill

Cunningham, 18, and Gary Talley, 20, lead guitarist have been Box Tops since the beginning. Recently, when two original members decided to return to school, musicians working in other Memphis groups were hand picked as replacements. Drummer Tom Boggs, 20, and organist Rick Allen, 21, are the new Box Tops.

Alex is famous for his mischievous but subtle charm. His gravelly, jagged voice has become the Box Tops trademark, but "Good Morning Dear," "Weeping Analeah" and "Lost" on the group's second album, *Cry Like A Baby*, demonstrate his ability on tender ballads. And "The Trouble With Sam" is also quite lovely.



PEOPLE

Capitol's race of People (as the case may be) is made up of six young men from the Northern California town of San Jose and their first effort in the language of music resulted in their first Capitol recording "I Love You."

As might be gathered from the name, People represent a broad cross section of American life and youth. Singer Gene Mason, wife Diana and an expected child represent the future families of People. Singer Larry Norman represents light hair people and a family with a show business background (a grandfather who was in vaudeville and an uncle who was a German

tightrope walker).

Albert Ribisi plays the organ for the People and describes himself as lover of all musical sounds and an Eastern philosophy freak. Brotherhood is represented by the People's string section in Bass Guitarist, Robb Levin and Lead Guitarist, Jeff Levin. Dennis "Baggins" Fridkin began a college education in the field of medicine. By accident he met Larry Norman in a music store and the following week, the era of medicine was past and the People were finally complete with their new-found drummer. □

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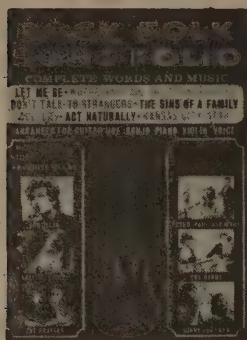
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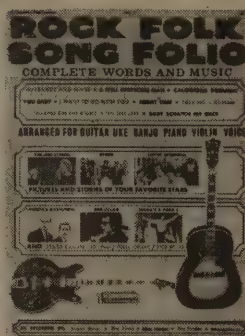
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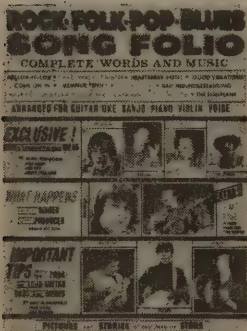
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platter chatter

FLEETWOOD MAC is made up of four of England's finest blues musicians who have been members of John Mayall's Blues Breakers at one time or another. Pete Green and Jeremy Spencer both play lead guitars and show further evidence of Chicago's worldwide influence. It is a tight band with good potential and this album, along with Cream's new album, will add more fuel to the blues revolution. Mac has the styles down (mainly Elmore James) but they've got a lot to learn. Their approach is very basic and the rhythm guitar merely plays simple boogie chords, leaving a lot of holes that could be filled in colorfully. They don't seem to be listening to each other. Best song on the album is "Shake Your Money Maker," (EPIC BN 26402)

CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE by the Steve Miller Band is a musician's album. They know their craft well, particularly lead guitarist Steve, (brother of Moby Grape's Jerry Miller) the bass player and the drummer. There seems to be no limit on their execution of songs with great ranges in feeling, rhythms and degrees of complexity. A mid-tempo ballad like "Baby's Callin' Me Home" with voice and acoustic guitar, or "You've Got The Power" a tense, electric beat song, shows the band's grace and taste for simplicity. They developed this atmosphere of good feeling by playing blues and there are some excellent blues tracks here as well. Their use of noise and electronic effects almost makes it on a couple of tracks. (CAPITOL SKAO 2920)

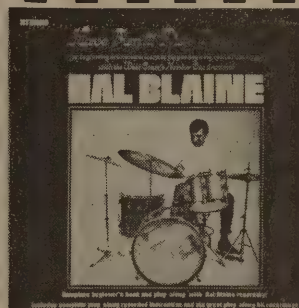
PLAY DRUMS WITH HAL BLAINE is an excellent course in drumming from California's most in demand recording session man. Hal shows you cymbal — snare, bass drum — high hat, combinations for straight 8 and shuffle feels. On side two, you can listen to Hal play his famous styles from the left speaker. (The band is on the right speaker) then turn the volume down on Hal's drums and you can play along by yourself with the band. For a young drummer who can't find a band to jam with, this album affords an excellent experience. (DUNHILL DS 50035)

OPEN is a fantastically produced British album by Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger & The Trinity. Side one features a few jazz numbers with Wes Montgomery type guitar (Brian was formerly a jazz pianist) and a big band sound. "Lament For Miss Baker" is a soft, moody Debussy-like piano solo. "Goodbye Jungle Telegraph" is a long African rhythmical instrumental with percussion, flute and a dancing saxophone solo. Side two features Jool's vocals in various size band settings. She sounds like a cross between Bobbie Gentry and Little Eva with wonderful phrasing. She sings "Tramp," "Why Am I Treated So Bad" and Donovan's "Season Of The Witch" plus two more, with great controlled emotion. The band, despite being way over in England, has an excellent feeling for Atlantic -Mussle Shoals rhythm and horn sound. A very intriguing collection of songs. (MARMALADE 608002)

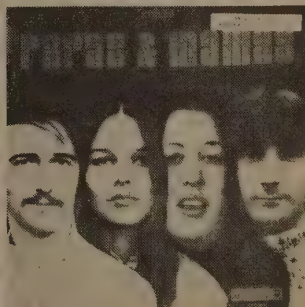
THE PAPAS & THE MAMAS has familiarly good vocal harmony, but they pull some corny tricks that are disappointing. In fact it seems that they are copying Spanky and Our Gang in places. They've stopped being soulful, or something. "Rooms" is the only real gassy group song. Cass does a competent job on "Dream A Little Dream Of Me" but not as good as her older "Words Of Love." It's easy to see why the Mamas and Papas need a vacation to think things over, or did they just take a vacation? (DUNHILL DS 50031)



STEVE MILLER BAND



JOOLES



WE READ YOUR MAIL (continued from page 8)

sort to what John Mayall says on his album entitled "A Hard Road": "...I accept that I've unwittingly hurt a lot of people who've known me, I've few friends left, and now the only thing I have to live for is the blues."

L. Cecka
3404 W. 83rd St.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

An awful lot of critics have suddenly declared this open season on the Blue Cheer. This makes me sick. The critics main contention is that the Cheer is trying to copy Hendrix or the Cream. This is not so. While I am a big fan of the Cream, and I believe that Jimi Hendrix is probably the greatest guitarist in the world, I have seen the Cheer twice in person and they come off tighter in concert, better than the Cream or Hendrix.

Granted that Blue Cheer does not do much improvising but they have a fantastic effect on an audience. They hit you with this wall of sound that knocks you over. Drummer Paul Whaley is the best drummer to come out of the west coast. The Cheer play "Satisfaction" and they do it their own way and retain the tension of the song. "Doctor Please" is the best song they do live. In this song, drums, guitar and bass become as one as they build up to an explosion of sound. May I add that this song was recorded well on their LP but it does not come anywhere near the live version.

The Cheer are not fantastic musicians but together they form an excellent group. As I watched the Cream, I was watching three separate individuals, not a real group. Cream fans will probably hate me but that's how I feel. Besides, I can't see how these rock critics can put down a group as real and as heavy as the Cheer while praising Van Dyke Parks and the other orchestrated wonders. I agreed with your article on the rock revolution. The trend to gutless music is disgusting. My idea of rock music is something like "Foxey Lady" or "Summertime Blues" instead of a song with a twelve thousand piece orchestra and a sweet lyric that says nothing.

Blue Cheer is not my favorite group, but they are fun to watch because the music they create is alive and vital. It moves your whole body and makes you happy. I always thought that was the way "to tell a stranger about rock and roll."

Larry Robinson
Bari Manor Apt.
Croton, New York

Dear Editor:

This is partially a poison-pen letter. The poison certainly is not directed at your magazine, but at a writer whom I feel does not speak for your magazine. I am speaking of Mr. Juan Rodriguez, whose article in the July Hit Parader was pure rubbish. His dismissal of the music of the Doors, Cream and Jimi Hendrix as pretentious trash is in sharp contrast to the praise given them in the rest of your magazine. Having had formal music education on piano and clarinet, and also playing guitar, I feel I am fairly qualified to say that Mr. Rodriguez hardly knows what he's talking about.

So much for that. I enjoyed your article on the Boston scene although I know nothing about it. It's encouraging that there are so many capable and original musicians coming into their own.

Both of the Jimi Hendrix albums are very good, but, like you said, there is too much noise. Best tracks on "Are You Experienced" are "Purple Haze", "Manic Depression", "May This Be Love" and "Foxey Lady." On "Axis: Bold As Love" the best numbers are "Up From The Skies", "Spanish Castle Magic", "If 6 Was 9," and the title song.

I was wondering if your magazine could devote a page or two to - don't laugh - the Texas scene. I'm sure some of the music played here is as good or better than that put out in Boston, San Francisco, well, no. But Texas has some very accomplished musicians, particularly guitarists. Tex-mex-yech-uh-etc. is still there, but is dying out rapidly. Some of the better groups are the Lavender Hill Express, Chevelle Five, South Canadian Overflow, and the Strawberry Shoemaker (they and the Alarm Clock formed at about the same time, no name copying.) The Lavender Hill Express played at the Beach Boys, Buffalo Springfield, and Strawberry Alarm Clock concert at Austin, and general consensus was that they were the second best group there. The Chevelle Five features a great soul singer, a talented bassist, and a good floor show with communication with the audience. The Strawberry Shoemaker has a fantastic guitarist that is as good as any I have ever heard, except possibly Hendrix and Clapton. Their numbers are long and very moving.

I imagine since I am from Johnson City, Texas, you think I wear cowboy clothes, talk with a drawl, and am nearly bald. If you do, you're wrong on every count. Texas has been badly misjudged by people who do not know the first thing about it. Texas has its hippies too, and is far from the countryish bit most people seem to associate with it.

Keep up your fine reporting on modern forms of music, and

spare us the articles on Elvis, the Ventures, and the Fleetwoods.

Dan Gersbach
Box 184

Johnson City, Texas
PS: Steppenwolf should become very big. They're tremendous.

Dear Editor:

I want to thank you immensely for your article on Ringo in your September issue. He is a beautiful person and should be written about more often. That goes for the other Beatles as well because they are still the No. 1 group in the world no matter what anyone says to the contrary.

It is really a pleasure and relief to read a magazine and not find a Monkee article in it every issue. Keep up the good work you're doing and please have more Beatle articles and no Monkee articles. Thank You.

D. S.
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is the best in its field, and I have been reading each and every issue for over a year. Now, however, a new column in your magazine is bothering me: 'Pictures I Hear' by Brigitta.

I don't know where Brigitta gets her information, but in the September issue she speaks of Ringo's voice working well on 'Lady Madonna.' Paul McCartney, not Ringo, sings the lead vocal on the record. And perhaps Brigitta should look in the lyric section of your magazine before quoting "Monday afternoon.... Friday's child..." from 'Lady Madonna.' No such lyrics are anywhere in the song.

And if that is not enough, she declares that Simon and Garfunkel's Silent Night/Seven O'Clock News is nonsense.

Other than this, HP is great, neat, sock-o, etc. Please try to have more on the Beatles, and up-date your picture file on them. All four have now shaved their moustaches. By the way, whatever became of the soundtrack album for "Yellow Submarine" the Beatles were supposed to have released earlier this year?

James Gray
17101 Berry Lane
Independence, Mo.

Dear Editor:

I have read the last two issues of your magazine and have enjoyed them very much. I gather from the letters you print that the preceding issues were equally informative and entertaining, and I intend to become a regular reader of Hit Parader.

I wish you would print some details of the split in the Jefferson Airplane. Personally, I feel that any excitement this group generated was mostly caused by Grace Slick, who is a fabulous

performer. A Columbia album has been released containing tapes made by her former group, the Great Society, before it broke up and she joined the Airplane. Called "Conspicuous Only In It's Absence," it contains the original version of "Somebody To Love," which I prefer to the Airplane's, and "White Rabbit," which I don't. I don't know if Columbia worked any magic a la engineering but the sound is good and the album is very entertaining. If I heard it alongside with the Airplane's first album when it came out and had to predict which group would fold first, I would have said the Airplane.

Al Kooper's new band is excellent and should go far. So is John Mayall's new group of Bluesbreakers that appeared on the "Crusade" LP.

George Golob
1110 East Abriendo
Pueblo, Colorado

Dear Editor:

It seems as though a golden era of rock has come to a close. After four fantastic years of dominating the pop scene, "The Rock Bands" seem to be fading away. All the creative bands such as The Yardbirds, Kinks, Byrds, Beach Boys and even the Stones haven't been able to penetrate top 40 radio for months. Instead they've been replaced by virtually the same people whom they had replaced four years ago. This unfortunately goes to prove that music styles, like many other styles, moves in a cycle. Now we have an option of selling our radios and investing in albums, supporting as many bands as possible by attending their concerts, or retire to a farm for the next several years until the cycle comes around once more.

Since who in his right mind could live through another Brenda Lee, Bobby Vee, Chubby Checker era and who could forget that musical dynamo Ricky Nelson.

If this change-over continues I am afraid that by 1969, the likes of "Rubber Ball" might be the closest we'll ever come to another "Good Vibrations."

The Beatles will never fade. They're too groovy and outside. As your local DJ might say as he prepares for the re-birth of the record hop.

Tom Morse
144 Brattle St.
Arlington, Mass.

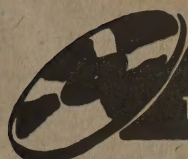


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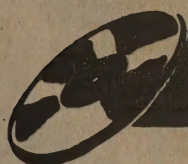
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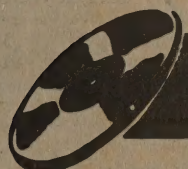
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RAIN ON
THE ROOF



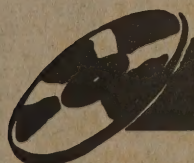
WINCHESTER
CATHEDRAL



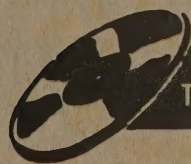
GOOD
VIBRATIONS



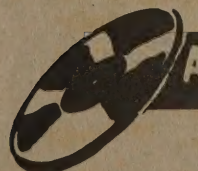
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO PAINT
ME A PICTURE



I'M YOUR PUPPET



I GOT
THE FEELING



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| 5. I'm Your Puppet | 23. Good Lovin' |
| 6. I Got The Feeling | 24. Kicks |
| 7. Summer In The City | 25. Michelle |
| 8. I Couldn't Live Without Your Love | 26. Tell Me Why |
| 9. Blowin' In The Wind | 27. Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window |
| 10. Warm And Tender Love | 28. Sounds Of Silence |
| 11. Pretty Flamingo | 29. Five O'Clock World |
| 12. See You In September | 30. A Well Respected Man |
| 13. Paint It, Black | 31. Turn Turn Turn |
| 14. I Am A Rock | 32. I Hear A Symphony |
| 15. Red Rubber Ball | 33. But You're Mine |
| 16. Green Grass | 34. Get Off Of My Cloud |
| 17. Opus 17 | 35. Positively 4th Street |
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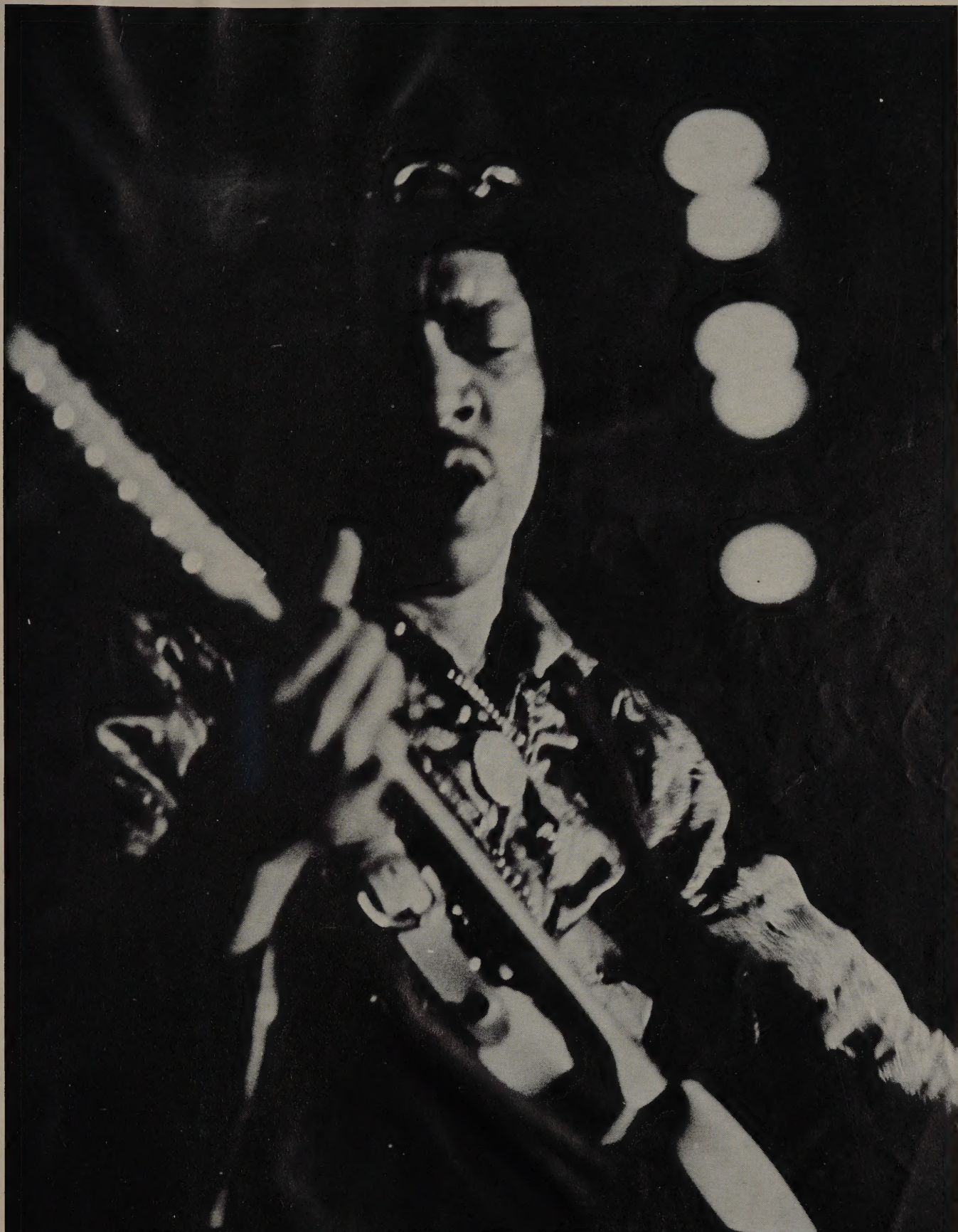
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